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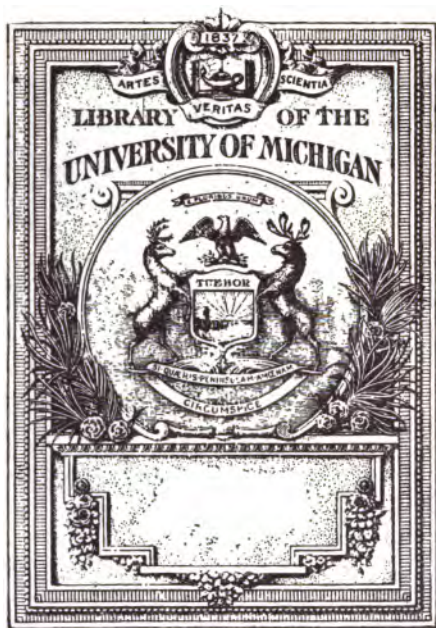
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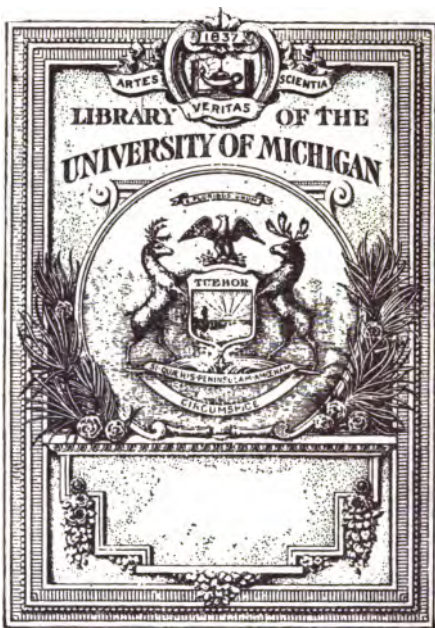
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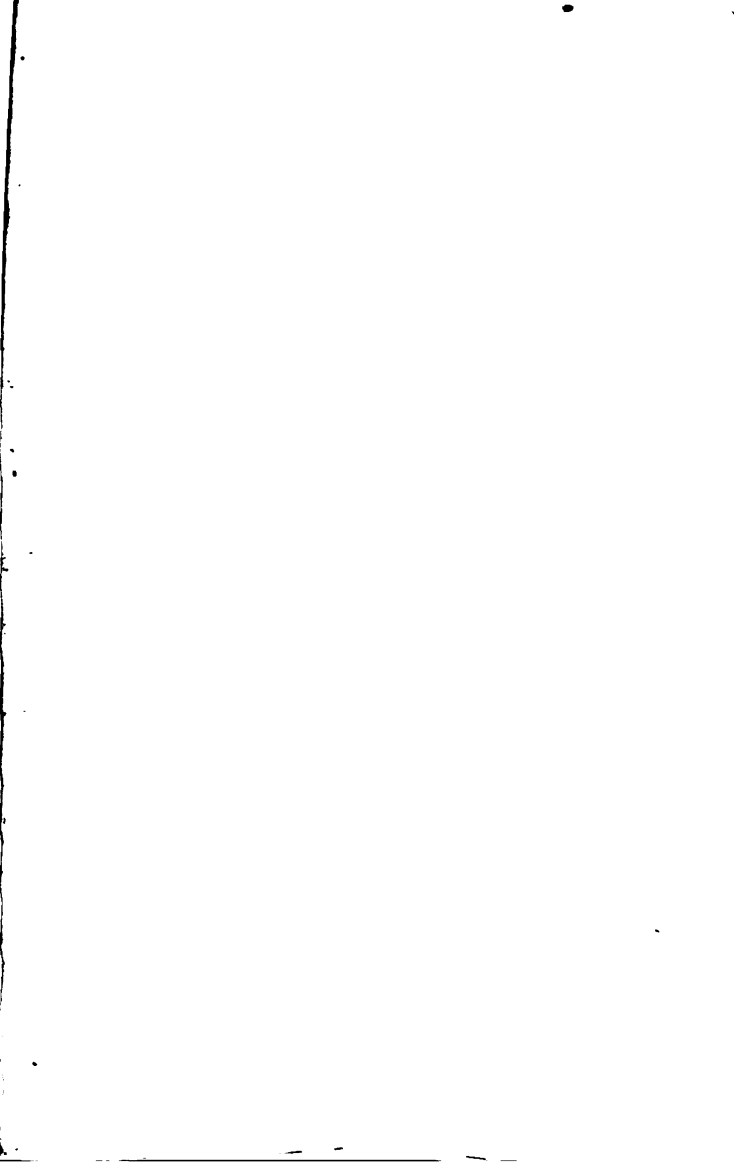


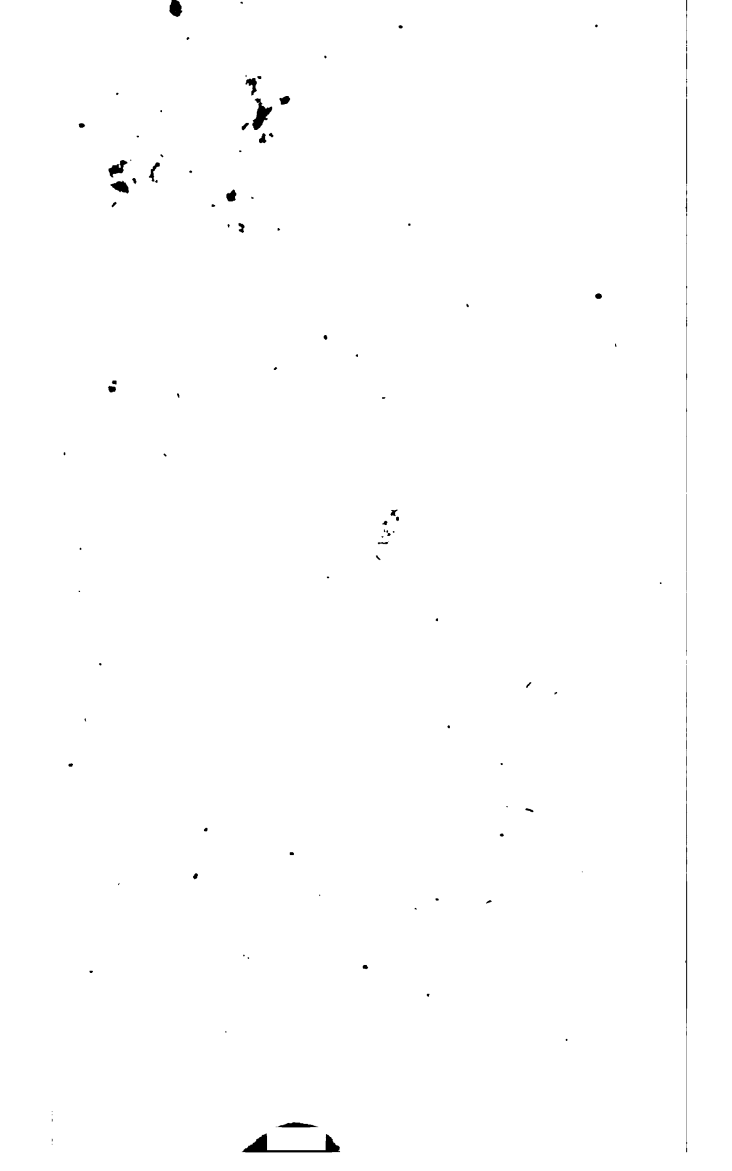


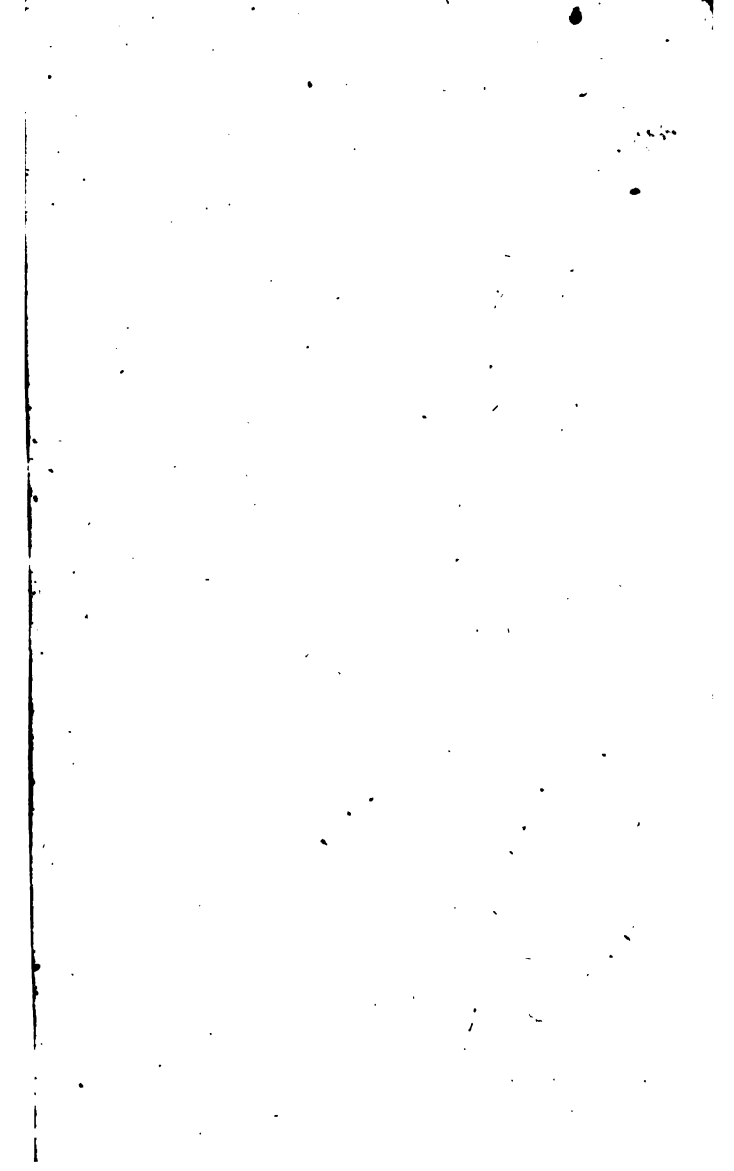
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LETTERS,

FROM THE YEAR 1774 TO THE YEAR 1796,

OF

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

ADDRESSED TO HIS DAUGHTER,

THE LATE

Miss Wilkes :

WITH

A COLLECTION OF HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

MR. WILKES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON :

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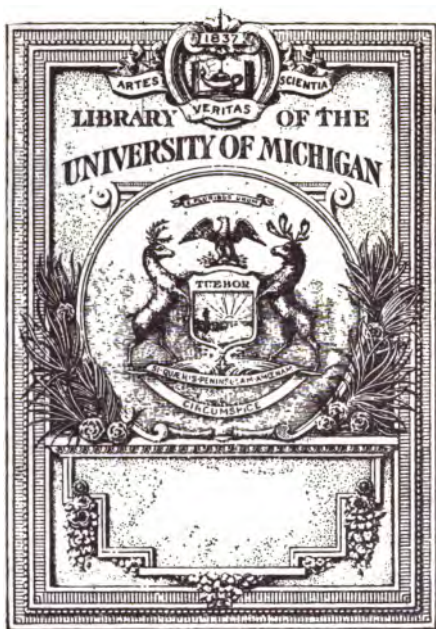
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*Letters addressed to Miss Wilkes, from
Sandham, in the Isle of Wight, from
1789 to 1796 :*

WITH

*Mr. Wilkes's Introduction to his History
of England.*



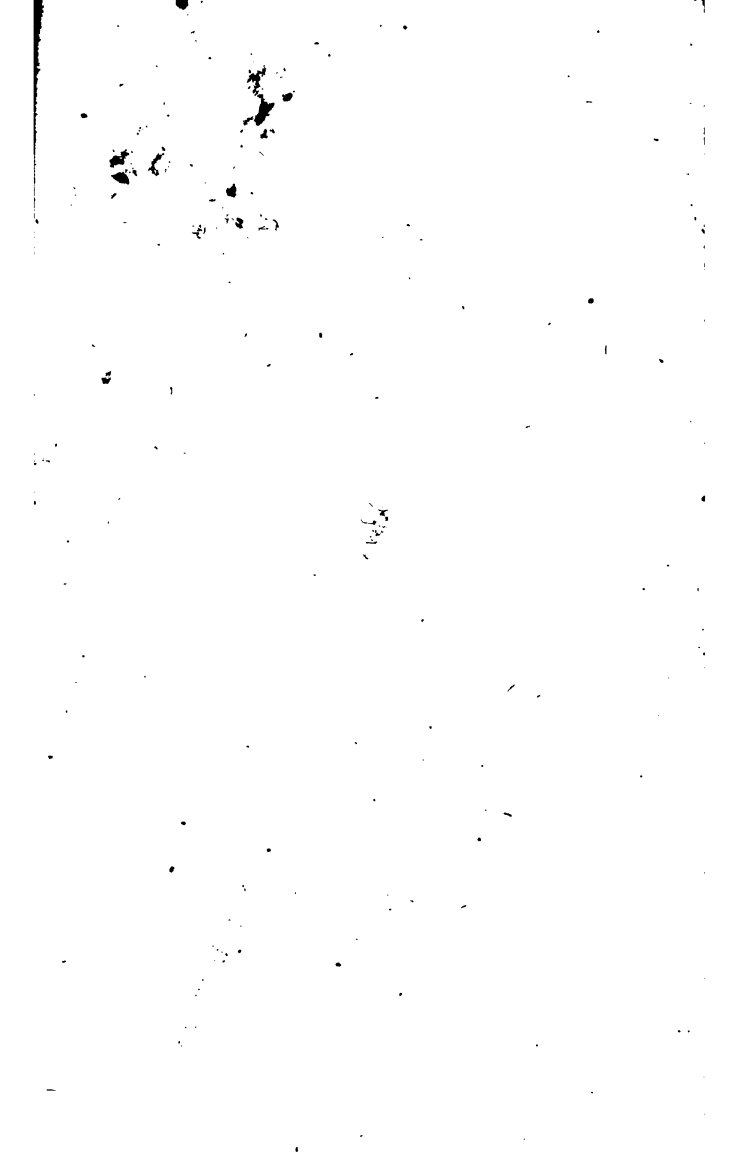
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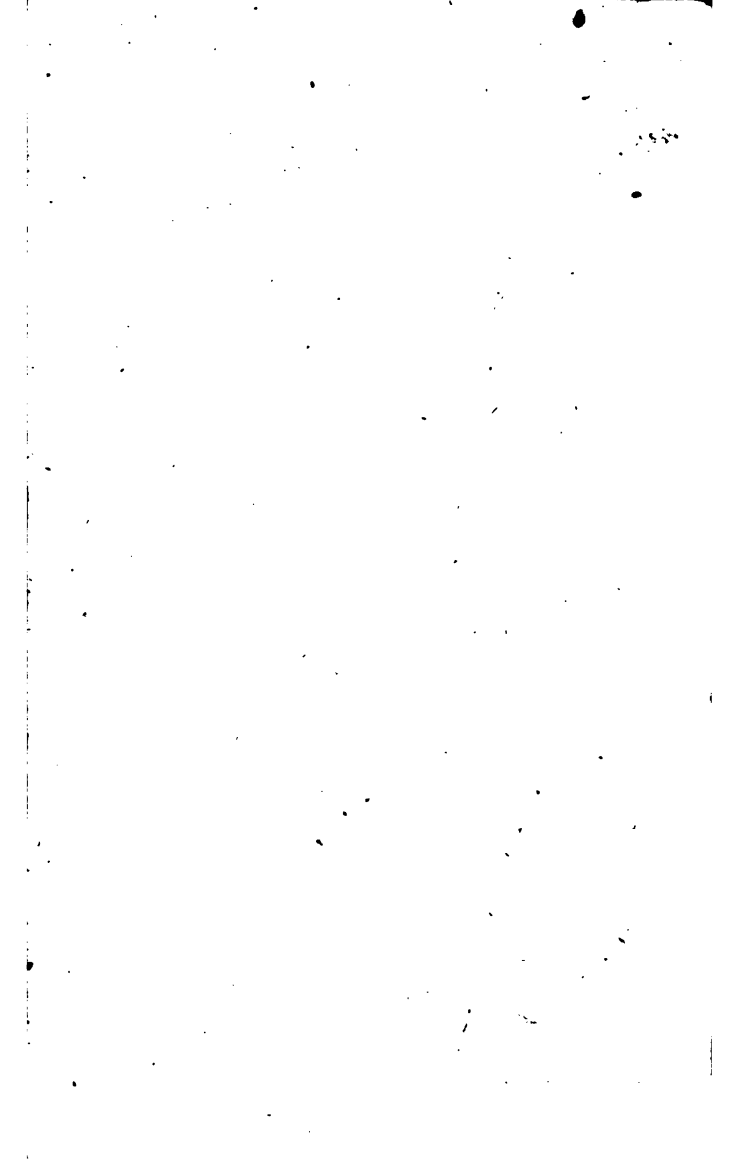
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LETTER II.

Sandham Cottage,

Monday, May 11, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I THANK you very much for your letter, and your solicitude for my health. I am rather better, but not so much as I hoped, for my stomach is *fort derangé* still, and in the night I am always sick for two or three hours.

I am more and more charmed with my fellow-traveller, but I regret that I am to restore him to the capital so soon as next Monday morning. We had a tolerable passage from Portsmouth to Ride of about an hour and a quarter, and every thing auspicious on our land expedition. On Wednesday we make war on the

rooks at Sir W. Oglander's; on Thursday we visit Steephill and Appuldurcombe, and lie at Newport. On Friday we make war on the foreigners, who keep such an uproar on the Freshwater rocks, and afterwards intend to land on the coast of your great island, and lie at Southampton. I wish you to send the letters and news to me at the *Star in Southampton* by Thursday night's post, and nothing after that day. I hope to shew Monsieur Barthelemy the wonders of Holbein at Midhurst, and the beauties of Petworth, so as to keep to his too narrow circle of Monday morning. I wish him to dine in Prince's Court that day, but I find it inconvenient after the absence of a few days.

Adieu : take care of your health, and continue to love your most affectionate.

LETTER III.

Sandham Cottage,
Wednesday, June 1, 1789.

YESTERDAY I was happy, my dearest Polly, by your favour of last Sunday, and I read with much satisfaction the account of your dear health, and the improvement of your voice, even in the late cold and tempestuous month of May.

We are impatient for the descending showers to call forth all nature's sweets, and waken all her flowers, for the earth is as thirsty as Boswell, and as cracked in many places, as he certainly is in one. His book however is that of an entertaining madman. Poor Johnson! Does a friend come and add to the gross character of such a man, the unknown

trait of disgusting gluttony? I shall bring his two quartos back with me, and will point out numberless mistakes; but there are many excellent things in them. I suspect not unfrequently a mistake in the *Dramatis Personæ*. He has put down to *Boswell* what was undoubtedly said by *Johnson*, what the latter did, and the former could not, say. The motto to his book should have been the two lines of Pope,

Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And if he lies not, must at least betray.

In the packet from Portsmouth I received the *Mercure*, No. 21, and the *Journaux of May* 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22. I shall certainly attend to Deputy Brewer's wishes about the *petition*.

I am sorry that Sir W. L. exposes himself so much about his salary as

Bailiff of the Borough. The Chamberlain never can accept any drafts. If the salary is not paid on the day it becomes due, the Chamberlain would be highly culpable; if he paid it the day before, he would be highly culpable.

I am much pleased that your bed, book-case, and wardrobe, are finished to your mind, and I trust that the workmen will give you as much satisfaction in every thing else respecting the Grosvenor Square house. It will be a high gratification to me to give you a complete town residence. One of the most desirable things in this country, which affords the most frequent enjoyment, is a convenient and elegant house where you generally reside.

I hope your Sunday with Madame de la Fite and Miss De Luc was not *triste comme une dimanche Anglicane*, but as

cheerful as a May-day in a more propitious season.

I thank you for another lamprey. By a note in the basket, we are not to expect any more this year, the season being over.

I hope to dine in Prince's Court on Thursday the 9th, and shall follow your wishes entirely as to the time of removing to Grosvenor Square. By the plan you mention, we shall suffer as little inconvenience as possible in the change of our habitation.

Lieutenant Watson of the navy brought here some Government dispatches for Admiral Hotham, who had left word at Portsmouth that he was coming here from Dr. Walker's. I have not however seen the Admiral, and Watson is returned to Portsmouth.

Should not the *View of the Park* be cleaned, as well as the frame gilt?

Ten thousand respectful things to the two Dutchesses.

I take a share in the disappointment of Colonel G——, but I think he should not resign. We know his situation, and every little helps out. *Ireland* does not produce such another etourdie as *M-cn-m-r-.*

Bon jour, ma chère petite, et continuez de m'aimer.

LETTER IV.

Sandham Cottage,
Saturday, Aug. 7, 1789.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

MR. Rolleston, and a variegated group of females and males, numerous enough to take Sandham Fort, have just been here, and brought me your letter of the 4th. I have the highest satisfaction in hearing that your voice is so much better, and its perfect recovery will charm me more than the favourite air of the *Mara*.

I shall certainly be early at Portsmouth on this day sevensnight, the 14th, and come to Coveney's. I please myself with the idea that the change of air and sea-breezes will be propitious. If you find the probability of a perfect cure, I

would advise you to continue here till October, and I will return after my excursion to the capital to open the Chamberlain's office. If your hoarseness should increase by the sea-air, your stay here should be very short, and I would accompany you to Portsmouth on your return.

I am glad Mrs. Mary Minton has made so good a debut, and I hope the whole performance will equally please you. I have pitied you for the many dull hours the change of such a servant must have occasioned, and to struggle through them during the rage of the dog-star.

I have no news of Sir Richard Worsley. Mrs. Hill is returned, as I understand, most forlorn and disconsolate. Mrs. and Mr. Bissett were expected in the Island yesterday.

We have had a great deal of rain and

bad weather, but the cold demon of the ague has kept aloof from me.

I have just received a packet from Ride, containing *Eloge civique de Benjamin Franklin*, &c. &c.

If contrary winds should prevent your receiving another letter in time before next Friday, I wish you a good journey to Portsmouth, and shall be there as certainly on Saturday, as if I was appointed to the command of a first-rate.

LETTER V.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, April 18, 1790:

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ENJOYED the smiles of heaven from town quite to this rural retreat in two clear sunshiny days, and found old Neptune in a very placid mood, which protracted my passage near two hours. The spring is rather more forward than in the environs of the capital, but all the fruit-trees are nipped by the lagging rear of winter's frost, and the blossoms entirely swept away by the late cruel easterly winds. The hedges wear their first gay emerald green, with its beautiful glossiness, but the trees appear as dead as in January.

executed by the Alderman of Farringdon Without.

Mr. Pitt is lucky in the tobacco business, as in all the rest; but I hope he will relax, and permit the constitutional control of juries, the glorious and peculiar prerogative of Englishmen.

My Chinese colony go on very prosperously, and I shall soon make a sacrifice of some of them to you, for they seem very delicate. Pray communicate this piece of intelligence to Mrs. Hastings.

Trusty sends his duty, and will be glad to be fed by your fair hands.

Adieu, my dearest Polly, and send me the best news, that of your perfect recovery.

LETTER VIF.

Sandham Cottage,

Friday, April 23, 1790:

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM not only highly pleased, but much obliged, by your *three samples of prudence*, as you call them, for they will probably recover to me a sweet-toned daughter, a quality more necessary than in any harpsichord. It is observed that the sound should be an echo to the sense, and therefore I should expect from you an harmonious vehicle of it, as in former times. The zephyrs are returned to us this morning with Sir Richard Worsley, who sends many compliments; and I hope now that the air which you breathe has all the balmy qualities of genial spring.

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Liphook garden looked cheerful, and the landlady as dull and solemn as usual.

The Cottage improves every hour even with this cold wind, but it will not for many days be recovered from the blasts of the north and east.

My anxiety for your health follows me every where, and I am impatient to hear that the progress of spring is attended with what I most wish, your perfect recovery of voice, and enjoyment of every other symptom of *bien-être*.

Good morrow, my dearest daughter.

LETTER VI.

Sandham Cottage,
Tuesday, April 20, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM much obliged by your letter of Saturday afternoon, but I was sorry not to find a *petit mot* about your voice, that your hoarseness is abated, and that you are recovering your soft female note.

We have not been caressed here by any Zephyrs, but Boreas has visited our faces much too roughly, nay he has almost flayed us. You know that I am very chilly, and I assure you that I have shivered ever since I left town ; though, I thank Heaven, it has been with cold, not by the paroxysms of an ague.

I return Ashmore his parchment duly

executed by the Alderman of Farringdon Without.

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I congratulate our neighbours of Franco-Gallia that they have at length found out the real essence of liberty by adopting juries, both in civil and criminal causes, as a fundamental of their new constitution.

Many thanks for the French papers. I return the Bulletin. The others I will bring with me.

The country-post can only furnish you with the intelligence of the arrival here of an owl and a pair of beautiful pigeons from Appuldurcombe Park, and a fierce battle between a pea and turkey cock, in which the latter was victorious. I have taken bark regularly every day, but without any alarm of an ague.

Portez-vous bien, et m'aimez.

LETTER VIII.

Sandham Cottage,

Sunday, April 25, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THIS is the first day of this wayward month, which gives the idea of spring, and the approach of genial May. The humble flowers of the vale, the primrose and cowslips, just begin to lift their beauteous heads from the dull mould which surrounds them, and to perfume the air. That modest favourite of nature, the lily of the valley, looks abroad a little in the middle of the day, to see if the ruffians of the north and east are gone.

I have not the pleasure of any letter from you since last Monday, but I hear that the post was retarded two days by

the contrary winds, and I am not uneasy on your account, because I trust that these soft zephyrs bring healing under their wings.

I have been of late deeply read in *Voltaire*. His last volumes cannot be called, like the last volumes of *Swift*, his *dotages*, but there are strange passages in them, and his rage against *Shakespeare* approaches to madness. D'Alembert is his second. The one from envy, the other from hatred of the English, and the total want of taste of the real sublime. The *ordures* of *Shakespeare* offend D'Alembert very highly, but I do not recollect any passage in him, so disgusting as the following of D'Alembert: "*Ce qui me fâche c'est que la graisse de ces pendus (les deserteurs et faux frères parmi les gens de lettres) ne sera bonne à rien, car ils sont bien secs et bien maigres.*" This

too said in a letter to Voltaire—*bien sec et bien maigre*.

I ask pardon for such a quotation.

Sunday Noon.

The post is just arrived, and has brought me your pleasing letter of Friday last. I rejoice that there is so favourable a change of weather, and I hope that you will be one of the first, and the most, to profit by it.

The books I fancy are *Soame Jernyns's Works*. If they are, you will find great entertainment in them.

You do not mention any thing about your researches for a better town-house.

Poor Lady R——y! That spirit of wanton outrage ought to be checked, and M-cr— hanged.

I desire to be kindly remembered at Prince's Court, to the Hastings, Mrs. Bosvile, Lord and Lady Dudley, &c.

Bigelstone behaves very well, is perfectly sober and orderly.

Sir Richard dines here to-day. He understands that the intention is not to dissolve the Parliament till the next year.

I am always, my dearest Polly, more than I can ever say, affectionately yours.

LETTER IX.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, April 30, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THIS sickly month in its youth reminded us of its boisterous parent March, but now in its gentle decline, ushers in propitiously its lovely offspring, the blooming May. We have violets,

primroses, and cowslips in great abundance; and our peach, apple, and apricot trees are in full bloom, and perfume the air. The fine continued rain of Monday has called forth all the sweets of nature; and in the Scripture phrase, “the clouds dropped fatness.”

I have the French *Journaux* regular, and No. 15, and 16, of the *Mercure*. Mirabeau is mistaken about the signal for the *massacre of St. Barthelemi*, which was the striking of the clock at the Louvre; although it is true that Charles IX. *canardoit ses sujets avec son arquebuse à giboyer*, in the remarkable words of Mezeray, which he ought to have quoted—he *fetched them down like wild ducks with his fowling-piece*, in a literal translation. Mirabeau’s pointing at the window of the Louvre must have had a good effect. I heard Lord George Gordon say in the House of Commons, that

He held in his hand a petition of the Protestant Association, which would reach from the lobby to the centre window of the Banqueting House at Whitehall; the only thing worth remembering of his speeches, except the calling *Nugent the old rat of the constitution*.

I enclose the Bulletin, and will bring back all the French papers.

Many thanks for your letter of Tuesday.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

LETTER X.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, May 2, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I WAS much disappointed, that I did not find in your last letter an article about your voice, which is always pleasing to my ear, though of late it has lost its wonted harmony. The hoarseness of winter I trust is gone, and the soft notes of May returned in melodious cadence to my dear daughter, as well as to all the warblers of the spring.

Sir Richard Worsley dined here yesterday, and desired many compliments. He has scarcely been an hour from Appuldurcombe Park for the last four months, except the three days he has been so obliging as to come here. He is

on the tiptoe of expectation to read Bruce's Travels.

The country begins to be in high beauty ; but, however, I mean to leave it in a few days, and in my next shall probably fix the time of my return.

Trusty is obliged to you for some nice bits given him in your name.

Every part of this little island is frantic about electioneering, except Appuldurcombe Park and Sandham Cottage, where we talk of better things. I am glad to hear of the general tranquillity in Middlesex, and hope it will long continue.

I find myself necessitated to part with the cook here, and she comes to town at the same time I leave this place. All future arrangements I leave till I have the pleasure of seeing you. The gardener continues at present in my good graces.

Bon jour, ma chère fille : je vous aime de tout mon cœur.

LETTER XI.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 6, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM very happy to hear that the weather and your regimen have operated so favourably for the recovery of your voice ; and I hope in the course of the next week to hear that sweetest music to my ear in the usual sweet note.

I am not a little surprised, that Colonel Gordon should not have had a long previous notice of the dinner meeting advertised in the *Diary* for Mr. Mainwaring's friends. I think it a bold, hazardous measure. If the meeting is not very numerous of real freeholders, it will hurt Mr. Mainwaring ; at which I should grieve.

The sweet Muse in Pall Mall has more than my best wishes.

I received the *Mercure* No. 17, but I miss the *Journaux* from April 18 to April 20, both inclusive. Perhaps the next post may bring them.

Every year's *Exhibition* disgusts, by the strong proof of English vanity in the number of portraits, and our want of taste in the paucity of historical subjects. I hope that Sir Joshua maintains his decided superiority.

The weather continues cold, and we have rain every other day, but warm sunshine is more wished for; and the farmers, as usual, complain; although they own the wheat looks very well; but their maxim is the reverse of Pope's, *Whatever is, is wrong*.

Soame Jenyns's epitaph on Johnson is excellent. I had admired it before, but it was well worth transcribing. There

is another not bad, that Piozzi and Boswell impertinently told us how Johnson *coughed, sneezed, &c.* I believe by Jenyns.

Adieu, ma très chère fille, et continuez d'aimer votre très affectionné.

LETTER XII.

Isle of Wight,
Sunday, May 9, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE news respecting the Muse in Pall Mall surprised and charmed me. She seems however more *sly* than *shy*. The Prince's Scottish porter I believe is at this hour inferior in stature to his painter. News still more pleasing to me

is the benefit you receive from this genial month, which I hope will soon restore you to your former state of voice and health, and then I have no more to ask of indulgent Heaven.

This week will certainly conclude my little excursion to the Isle of Wight, but I cannot yet fix the day of my return, but I will write again on Tuesday.

The Spanish business is a curious political event. Much depends on the personal character of the Spanish Prime Minister, who is said to be rash and impetuous. If the *King of the French* had more power, he would instantly seize this lucky occasion of diverting the attention of his people ; but he is *le plus chatré des Rois*, and I agree with you, that the whole will end in a negotiation similar to the affair of the Falkland's Islands.

I desire to be particularly remembered

to our Prince's Court neighbours, and the Hastings's.

I contrive to do all the business at the Chamberlain's office myself, in the week prior to Whitsun holydays, that my absence may be less noticed.

Adieu, ma chère fille.

LETTER XIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Wednesday, May 12, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE only time before I set out to buy you a fairing at Brading, to mention that I hope to rejoin you in Prince's Court next Monday, but probably not till the evening.

I wish you to send me the letters, &c. here till Friday inclusive, and on Saturday to send them to me at Mrs. Keen's, the Anchor in Liphook.

I will write again to-morrow.

Adieu!

LETTER XIV.

Sandham Cottage.

Thursday, May 13, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD the pleasure of writing half a line to you yesterday, and of mentioning my intention of returning to Prince's Court next Monday evening. My letters I desired to be sent here on Friday, and on Saturday to Mrs. Keen's, at the Anchor in Liphook, Hants.

Many thanks for the variety of French papers I have received. I have kept carefully all which have come to hand, but some are missing.

Much good and pleasure to Colonel Gordon from his marches and counter-marches.

I have now disposed of all my Tuscan vases, with several prints, from Sir Richard Worsley, in a room, which I call the Tuscan room, and I hope my dear daughter will approve as much as Sir Richard says he does, *most cordially*. I have now completed all I wish for Sandham Cottage, and shall not have any farther idea for the place, but preserving a rural neatness.

Sir Richard seems in raptures with *Bruce's Travels*, particularly what respects *Egypt*, where he staid many months.

To-morrow I go to Appuldurcombe to

see all his new acquisitions. I regret so good a friend's mistake to desire a trifling *bason*, which will draw him into so enormous an expense, and sacrifice of rich land, in the very face of old ocean.

I enclose for you a humble tribute from Brading, but the fairest production of the fair.

Adieu, jusqu'au plaisir d'embrasser ma chère fille Lundi.

LETTER XV.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 11, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

My little tour here has not afforded a single incident which could entertain you.

Lord Howe passed me in the road to Portsmouth on Friday, and yesterday I saw at Spithead ten large Dutch ships, of which they spoke very disrespectfully wherever I went. I hear orders are hourly expected for them to join our fleet at Torbay.

Friday was rainy, and really cold. Yesterday I had both wind and tide adverse, but however I made this short passage with Captain Banks in little more than two hours. It blew a strong gale the whole time.

My new cook, Joseph Acton, I found at Portsmouth, and brought him here. I like his appearance, for he seems modest and good-natured. His age is about twenty-two. I have hired him to the 18th of September.

The country is in wonderful beauty. The late rains have brought back all the verdure of spring.

I dread the consequences of next *Wednesday*. What *monster*, in the modern phrase, conceived so mad an idea? I believed the late barbarities in France exceeded those even of their own St. Barthelmy, as well as of all other nations, but I was mistaken. The Italians are supereminent in all wickedness. I have just read the Memoirs of the Duc de Guise, who went to Naples in 1647. He applauds highly Don Francisco Toralte, Prince de Masse, and his Princess. The Neapolitans however, in a fit of po-

pular frenzy, attacked him in the most barbarous manner: "*On lui coupa la teste, le cœur lui fut arraché, qui fut porté dans un bassin d'argent à sa femme, et son corps fut impitoyable trainé par les rues.*"

Such in most ages has been the savage madness of the mere multitude, when uncontrolled, ignorant, and fanatic in any cause. History necessarily records such events, but at the same time becomes quite disgusting.

I shall be impatient to receive your first letter from Windsor. I hope much from that air.

Adieu, my dearest daughter.

LETTER XVI.

Sandham Cottage,

July 14, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

JULY seems to me a most unlucky month in this island, for it has rained a good deal every day since I came here, and the heavens are still overcharged with clouds. Last year I recollect at this season, that we had all the Pleiades against us, and the earth was quite drenched with rain. I hope the drier soil and air of Windsor will be more favourable to you, and to the removal of your cruelly obstinate complaint.

From the power of sympathy I am in no small agitation of spirits on this day, and I apprehend all the fury of Bellona in the Champ de Mars, from such a col-

lision of parties, which must be as violent as flint and steel. I guessed that *Philippe Capet's* heart would fail him, and I doubt not that he is ready with some paltry excuse, or fib.

I have had no ague, nor fear of it, but prudentially I have taken two doses of bark.

By some little alterations I have contrived for you to make the tour of these premises almost entirely, without going on the turf, so that the thinnest silk shoes would not wet.

I have not yet seen Sir Richard Worsley, but had an invitation to meet Sir Henry Clinton, ladies, &c. &c. for a late hour last Saturday. To-morrow I dine at Captain Field's.

Your letter of the 12th I received yesterday afternoon, and shall always be particularly happy when you can send me the best news from Windsor, that of

your own health, and the recovery of your voice.

I wish for more information about Count Luchesi's house.

I shall direct to you in Prince's Court, and James will of course obey your orders as to the rest.

Adieu, ma chère fille.

LETTER XVII.

Sandham Cottage,

Monday, July 19, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I WAS more impatient to hear from Windsor than even from Paris, although expectation was on the tiptoe for the great, the important day of the

14th, big with the fate of the Gallic monarchy, if it is still to be so called.

I had the favour of your letter of the 14th, on the 17th in the evening ; and if I had the wings of a dove, as I have all the innocence, though I do not retain the cooing qualities, I should take a flight to Windsor, and perch between you and Mrs. De la Fite, with the hope of hearing again your former soft notes. I trust that your next letter will tell me that your voice is recovered.

I am persuaded you find in Mrs. De la Fite the easy, good-natured, and sensible friend, perfectly accommodating to you, whom reason and discretion rule.

Sir Richard Worsley dined here to-day, but brought no news of the 14th. I cannot prevail even for a suspension of the drowning several acres to burlesque old ocean, and consequently I no more touch a string which sounds so harshly.

Read and the cook both behave very well, but the first is very awkward. The other I quite approve. He is orderly, and I believe economical—a rare quality in a man-cook.

I have not a workman on the premises, and generally dine alone : *tant mieux pour le vieux et gai Anacreon, et pour les deux drames, de Hipparchus, et de Jules Cesar.*

I am tolerably well, but have had one very violent fit of the strangury, after the most exemplary temperance of many days.

Health, peace, and happiness under *le Chevalier Le Cointe's* roof, is the prayer of your most affectionate friend and father.

LETTER XVIII.

Sandham Cottage,
July 27, 1790.

I HAVE the truest satisfaction, my dearest Polly, to find, by your letter of the 22d, that your voice is *certainly better*. The anxiety which I have suffered on this occasion, is more than I can express, and especially since the obstinacy of such a complaint did not at first yield to the kindly warmth of genial spring. Your perfect cure has been the great object of my wishes, and from the very good opinion I have of Mr. Devaynes, I wrote to him on the subject, and I enclose you his answer.

The primary idea is undoubtedly your health, and every consideration must in reason yield to that, for expense is out

of the question. My finances are in the best order, nor can I so much to my own heart expend any part of my fortune as for your good and pleasure.

Every expense you have, or may be at during your stay at Windsor, shall come into my account, as well as your journey to Portsmouth, when your health gives you leave to come ; and that must be your guide.

I will come to Portsmouth very early in the day when you are to arrive there, and will have Captain Banks ready with a good vessel. I believe Liphook would be the best place for you to lie at, and then without fatigue you might arrive at Portsmouth the next morning about eleven ; but I leave the whole plan to your prudence, either to stay at Windsor, or come here, where you would be infinitely the most welcome of all guests.

I have my Buck-warrant, but it is not-

to be served till August, and therefore I wish you to purchase a fine neck of venison, and present it from me to Madame La Fite. Mr. Deputy Birch in Cornhill is my venison-factor, and I should be glad you would order him to send half a buck to Prince's Court, and that you would bring it here with you, to be dressed two or three days after your arrival, as should be mentioned in your card to Birch. Green tea, coffee, sugar, &c. I am provided with for a few weeks.

Barthelemy returned my *handkerchief* with a pretty note *en stile diplomatique*. If a lady had returned a *handkerchief*, I should have been hurt at the cruelty, unless I had as splendid a seraglio as the Grand Sultan.

Sir Richard Worsley dined here yesterday, and desired many compliments to you. On Saturday he goes to London, and remains there till after the

meeting of Parliament. Mrs. —— has left St. Boniface ; the house is shut up ; and many unpleasant circumstances are circulated about the finances of that family. She is much esteemed and pitied.

The weather here is showery, but warm, and the corn ripens very fast.

The King of the French refusing to take the oath at the altar, appears to me a mean and pitiful quibble, of which I suppose he intends to avail himself hereafter.

Adieu !

LETTER XIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 1, 1790.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM told by a lady, now in this island, a Mrs. Croft, that she was cured of an obstinate hoarseness by the use of the bark. I wish you to mention this circumstance to Mr. Devaynes, and take his opinion. If it is favourable, you will then bring with you the powder, or Huxham's tincture, or both.

I wish you to put up in your trunk half a dozen table-spoons, and a dozen silver-handled knives and forks, and a marrow-spoon, and six dessert-spoons. They will be useful here, and may return in the same trunk to town.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Went-

worth, &c. were here last Friday, and very sorry you were not in the island.

Thirty blackbirds were yesterday morning on the large cherry-tree near the bed-rooms in the garden. I hope they will hail your arrival in their sweetest notes.

I have four *Mercur*es, No. 26, 27, 28, and 29. Moore says, "that oil of tartar will entirely remove the pain arising from the sting of a wasp, in the space of a minute." Be so good as to bring a small phial of it.

I have just received from Ride your letter of July 29, but I wait till to-morrow for that I expect by the post, and then I will settle every thing about both our journeys.

Monday, Aug. 2.

I have a very good letter from Madame La Fite, which I will soon an-

swer. I give her joy of the recovery of her son.

Last night I was favoured with your letter of July 31. I rejoice exceedingly that your voice is so much recovered. I quite agree that the 13th is a better travelling day for you than the 12th, and therefore I shall certainly contrive to be at Portsmouth early on Saturday the 14th, and will have Captain Banks and a good vessel ready. Perhaps you may have forgotten some part of the road. It is to Kingston, the Castle, 12 miles; Cobham, the White Lion, 8 miles; Guildford, the White Hart, 10 miles; Liphook, the Anchor, 16 miles; Petersfield, 8 miles, Palmer's, the Dolphin, I believe; Portsmouth, 19 miles, Cove-ney's, the King's Arms in the High Street. If you approve my plan of your staying at Liphook on Friday night the 13th, I would advise you to write a line

before to Mrs. Keen, to order your dinner, &c. Tench are there very delicate. If the sea air is hurtful, I would advise you to return very soon, and I will accompany you back to Portsmouth. If you receive advantage from it, you will probably choose to continue here till Friday Sept. 10, when I return to town for the winter. It is one more experiment which you are making for your cure.

I am grateful to Heaven for the 16th. I wish you to bring with you half a buck for that day from Birch's, who has directions to obey all your orders.

I desire to be remembered to all our neighbours, the *charming Miss* in particular.

Mr. S ——'s daughter, Jemima, whom you thought a modest, pretty girl, and so she certainly was, and unaffected, is gone mad for love of a designer in the

island, and now confined. “Heaven guard us all from Cupid’s bow.”

The *Mercure*, No. 30, is just received. And so the *National Assembly* are turned tailors, and make the soldiers appear merry Andrews, with one lappet of the *constitution*, and the other of *liberty*!—Surely there is a calenture in the air.

LETTER XX.

George at Portsmouth,
Saturday Noon, May 7, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE weather has been so favourable this day, that I find my frail and feverish being much meliorated, and I hope that your voice has received the same benefit.

I am just going to embark for Ride with a favourable wind.

Little parcels may be sent to Portsmouth directed to the *care of Mr. Palmer, at the George, in High Street*; and greater may be sent to the *Rose Inn, Holborn Bridge*, directed to the *care of Mr. Wild, Bugle Inn, Newport, Isle of Wight*, to go by *Brookman's Southampton waggon*.

Let me entreat you to take all possible care of my dearest daughter, and to run no risk from the smell of paint, dampness of new furniture, &c. &c.

Bon jour, ma chère petite.

LETTER XXI.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, May 8, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE first feature in a tour to the Isle of Wight is the passing the great herring-pond, which I did in an open boat yesterday with two oars in an hour and three quarters. All the winds were asleep, and I was not fanned by a single zephyr.

My late complaint has subsided, and I find the disorder has been very epide-mical.

The weather is now very fine, and yesterday there was scarcely a cloud; but it is very cold.

I found the garden perfectly neat and

in trim order, but the cold winds check all vegetation.

I forgot to mention that I wish you to order Walther to pack up with the books the *new map for Anacharsis*, which Monsieur Barthelemy gave me. It is pasted on thick paper, and is in my book-room against the wall near the window. I desire you however not to send Boswell's new work, till you have fully gratified your own curiosity.

I beg you to express to Lady and Lord Shuldham my concern that I have it not in my power to accept their kind invitation to the musical party with my old friend Lord Abingdon.

I wrote to you from the George at Portsmouth, and now renew my earnest request that you would not fatigue yourself, nor risk any cold in removing to a house so little inhabited for many months.

Trusty sends his duty, and seems to possess all the fidelity and gratitude of his species.

I desire to be remembered to our good Prince's Court neighbours.

Adieu, my dearest daughter.

LETTER XXII.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 12, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I CONGRATULATE you on a very pleasing discovery made in these environs a few months ago. It is of a large bed of oysters at the bottom of the sea about half a league from Sandham bay. I have several times counted near fifty ships, of no small size, employed in this

fishery. It reminds me of the Bright-helmstone fishing fleet, but the vessels are larger. The oysters are said to be small, and are carried afterwards to oyster-beds, and deposited in rivers, to fatten.

I hear that Lord Hood is at Portsmouth, and that the preparations for war are carrying on there with great spirit, which I trust will ensure peace, and I think it probable.

I have had no small pleasure in adorning your seat; and the myrtles, lilies of the valley, pinks, &c. &c. look very pretty among the concretions of the oyster and other shells, and perfume the ambient air.

Your two letters of Monday and Tuesday I received yesterday, and I thank you for the pleasure and entertainment of them.

I enclose a draft for Jerrard's Portland

mutton, which I wish James might take to Lewis and Boucher's, No. 84, Cheapside, and bring back Jerrard's draft on me, with the receipt indorsed, and I beg you to keep it till my return. The next winter will I hope see many sheep of that perfect kind suspended in your new larder.

I return Ashmore's parchment properly authenticated to him by the post. I find the *mal-aise generale* much diminished. I have three times had recourse to my old friend the *beaume de vie* with success, and my regular walks on the margin of old ocean I find very salutary.

Dr. Harrington very rationally guessed what was in the musical composition of the Death of Mary Queen of Scots from what ought to have been there, and the most striking part of the whole.

I exceedingly applaud your prudence

in not braving the east or north winds after sunset, and I hope your voice has already benefited by it.

I expect soon a line from Grosvenor Square, but not too soon.

I have not seen the advertisement you mention about la Chevalirée D'Eon. I am sure that I shall approve whatever you do in my name for the female Chevaliership.

I beg you to lay me at the good Dutchess's feet, with the most tender expressions of regard and esteem.

I laughed much at the French condescending to copy the canaille of this country in the barbarous absurdity of burning a *Pope*; but I should have been better pleased, if their insults and outrages had extended only to wooden images.

What a rage there is among us for politics, and foreign politics too, when

such men as Fox * and Burke spit so much venom at each other? The greatest rancour is always from bosom friendships soured to resentment.

Adieu, my dearest Polly, and continue to love me.

Just setting out for Brading to fetch you a fairing.

* Mr. Wilkes is at all times unjust to Mr. Fox. If ever man was without venom, Mr. Fox is so. Even to the irritability of Burke I would apply a different expression.

LETTER XXIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Tuesday, May 17, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I THANK you for your obliging care of three parcels which I have received safe from Portsmouth, two of the *Mercures* and *Journaux*, and one of a stewed lamprey. The *Mercures* are No. 18 and No. 19. The *Journaux* go to May 8 inclusive.

I shall be impatient to read the *Lettre Pastorale* of the new Bishop of Paris, but I am at present hurt by the shocking description of the horrors of Avignon, the Comté de Venaisin, and many places in the South of France, who have refined on all the cruelties of their Spanish ancestry. I am forced to make many

pauses before I can get through the barbarous detail. The Bishop I hope preaches peace on earth, and good will towards men.

I have just been called down to Mr. Bisset, who sends you many compliments. He dines here to-morrow. No company are yet come to Knighton House.

The weather is still very cold, and yesterday there was a most mischievous and destructive blight.

The son of Mr. Turner, late partner with Staveley, came to see me yesterday from Portsmouth. He is an officer on board a seventy-four gun ship, which he says draws twenty-three feet water, and consequently must be totally useless on the shallow shores of the Baltic. He left forty-two sail of the line at Portsmouth.

Is the Princess of Stolberg in London,

and have you seen her? I think that attention on your part would be very polite.

I wonder it has not been said of *Charles Fox* as of *Adam*, "Some pious tears he dropt, but wiped them soon." I laughed at the idea of their being preserved in a crystal vial *. Pitt seems as fortunate as Sylla. I long to hear of the happy effects of this soft, silky, zephyr-teeming month on your voice.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

* Never were tears more honourable to human nature, shed, than those on the occasion alluded to: they are sufficient to wash away a hundred political sins, admitting Mr. F. to be guilty of such.

LETTER XXIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 19, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I DID not receive till yesterday your entertainment of the 14th, and I truly sympathize with you in your present plague of workinen, who as little respect truth as any courtiers, or even favourites. Smith is particularly culpable, because he fixed the time himself.

I have no objection to the bell-hanger finishing his business through the house, for you are a perfect judge of what will be wanting.

I rejoice that the smell of the paint is gone off, but the house cannot be habitable, till you have the carpets laid down in the eating parlour as well as your bed-

chamber; and perhaps you will make the experiment of eating once or twice, or sleeping in Grosvenor Square, before you quit Prince's Court entirely. I hope to be in town the week before Whitsuntide, probably the Thursday or Friday after the birthday, and I will either come to Prince's Court, or Grosvenor Square, as you choose. If I come to Grosvenor Square, I can for three or four hours in the day go to Prince's Court to give directions about all the books, which are many, in the closets near my bed-chamber, and the prints remaining in my book-room, and return to dine or sleep in the Square.

I have read the *Lettre Pastorale* of the Bishop of Paris, and I admire the good sense and moderation of it, but I suppose it will be burnt at Rome as the Pope's late *bull* was at Paris.

The post has just brought me your

letter of May 17, for which I desire many thanks. You give me good general news of your health, but not a word respecting the recovery of your voice.

I am flattered that my fixed idea of the *Impeachment* being abated by a dissolution of Parliament has received the sanction of the Lord Chancellor's opinion. As far as I have observed, Lord Abingdon's remark on the late failure of Mr. Hastings's vigour of mind is quite unfounded, and the turn about *Hercules's club* and *distaff* was pert and low. The *Commons* I fear will equal their *Lordships* in absurdity; but the public at large, and posterity, will do that great and meritorious man ample justice *.

The anecdote of the *maitresse de pension* is admirable.

* The public begins *already* to do that justice.

I can believe any thing wild, or wicked, of Monsieur D'Orléans, or good and exemplary of Madame D'Orléans.

The weather here is very cold and churlish, and to-day we have a continued mizzling rain.

Mr. Bisset dined here yesterday alone, and talked much of his expected French visitors.

The primroses and cowslips, to which I paid so much attention last year, have rewarded me by their superior beauty and fragrance in the present.

Trusty's duty, and thanks for the good bits he has had in your name.

Je vous souhaite bien le bon jour.

LETTER XXV.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 26, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

YOUR letter of May 21, which I received only yesterday, gave me the most agreeable news I can have here, that of your dear health, and your voice being improved.

You report a very great progress indeed in the Grosvenor Square house. There is not a more surprising or more pleasing metamorphosis than that from the laying down a beautiful carpet on a dull floor, always excepting nature's fine green carpet of turf on the dirty mould, or black earth, the effect of which is astonishing.

As to the expense of any of the al-

terations, I believe that I am fully equal, even at this moment, to the whole. My plan is, to call in all the bills, Rogers's included, as soon as we are a little settled in the house, and to discharge them all before, or at, Christmas. If I want any assistance, I am not above asking it, for a short time, but I believe that I shall not, and I particularly entreat that nothing of the kind may be arranged till I have the whole under my eye.

Midsummer approaches so near, that I wish you to tell Jenny Rogers that I have no occasion for her services after that period, and I do not intend that she should go at all to Grosvenor Square. I mean however to part with her on terms of decency and civility. I leave the whole arrangement of servants, &c. in the new house to your prudence.

I intend to be in town the 9th of June, Thursday, and will follow your ideas

entirely whether I shall come directly to Grosvenor Square or Prince's Court.

I have not yet the books, but I am informed that they are arrived at Southampton.

I shall take an early opportunity of paying my devoirs to the *Comtesse d'Albany*. Did our court admit that title, which was conferred, I believe, by Louis XV. ?

I received yesterday the parcel from Portsmouth. I found no *Mercure*, and only two *Journaux*, of *May 9 and 10*.

I have not yet seen my landlord. I have nothing going on, but the common, trifling, necessary repairs. The rooms in the garden are very little damaged by all the late bad weather.

Good fish are very scarce indeed, and I have had only one fine bass of twelve pounds since my arrival, and mackerel twice.

The weather has been very tempestuous for the last week, but we have now a soft, calm, genial day.

My *kindest* compliments to Mrs. Gordon, and many tender things in my name to *Miss* Smith.

The passage to Portsmouth is so uncertain, and the weather so warm, that I do not send you any stinking fish.

I long to be gratified by the former melody of your voice, the most pleasing music to my ear.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

P.S. I have just received another favour from you without date, but it mentions James Lee's having paid me a Bank note of one hundred pounds on account. Be so good as to send it to my bankers', Lefevre, Curries, and Co. No. 19, Cornhill, take their receipt, and keep it till my return.

I leave the whole affair of the *bells* to your good taste.

Bon jour, bon jour, ma bien-aimée Marie.

LETTER XXVI.

Sandham Cottage,
 ● Friday, May 27, 1791.

I WROTE to my dearest daughter yesterday by the post, but I take up the pen again now to thank you for the packet, which I received this morning from Portsmouth. It contained the *Mercure*, No. 20, the *Journaux* from May 16, to May 17, both inclusive. May 15 is wanting, and I believe of no consequence.

I am much obliged to you for your

attention in sending me Burke's second pamphlet, which is by no means equal to the first in the beauty of the style or composition, but I think contains the melancholy ravings of a maniac, of which the treating *Launay's* death, after such flagrant treachery, as a foul murder, is one small instance. I agree however to half he has said about Jean Jacques. It is much Burke's own character, much splendid, brilliant eloquence, little solid wisdom.

I return the Ward papers signed. Be so good as to send them to Ashmore by the servant, and Thomson's letter by the penny post.

I enclose you a curious letter, which contains a singularly absurd request in the present moment.

The books are all arrived, and the map.

I cannot hear of any thing at Shanklin which might promise to please Miss Carter, to whom I beg many compliments.

I continue in the plan of coming to town Thursday, the 9th of June.

Adieu!

LETTER XXVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, June 5, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HOPE that you are now recovered from what must have been the suffocating heat of yesterday's drawing-room. I found myself very faint the whole day, although I bear heat tolerably well, but I am afraid that my languor

and oppression on the brink of old ocean was comparatively trifling to what you must have suffered in such a crowd.

The Duke of Wirtemberg and Mr. Francis Egerton were here yesterday, and seemed highly pleased. They did not dine, being obliged to return on business early to Portsmouth in the afternoon.

I am truly concerned for the dangerous illness of my nephew ; but I trust that his youth, strong constitution, and the favourable season of the year, will triumph over the violence of the attack. I have to thank my brother for the kindness of his offer respecting Thames Ditton, but I never make an inn of a friend's house, nor could I think of staying there, when my dearest daughter was in town. Many acknowledgments however for the kind proposal.

All the particulars in your letter of

Wednesday, except what respected my nephew, were very pleasing to me, but there was too little about yourself. I hope however that your voice is improving, and your general health perfect, and I long to hear the soft accent of *my dear papa* in the former melodious note.

I should be inclined to think that the French refugee Princes would not succeed, as they seem to have both the nation and the court against them, and the popular fever rages still very furiously. Their *devices* are absurd. A *device* should be short and clear.

The summer came with June, but we have missed our spring. All the month of May was cold and tempestuous.

It will be prudent to get what you can finished this week both by Mayhew, and Ince, and Seddons, for the next: being Whitsun week, nothing will be regarded.

by their workmen, but the sacrifices to Bacchus.

I shall probably not epistolize you again from Sandham Cottage, but I wish for a line by Tuesday's post to me at Mr. Palmer's, the George, in the High Street, Portsmouth; and I wish you would enclose the *Public Advertiser* of that morning, cropping the edges, and I hope to thank you for it in person next Thursday.

Trusty sends his duty.

I believe that I have now a prudent, staid, and intelligent gardener. *May* is sober and orderly, but seems to have nothing but a tune in his head: that is better however than beer or brandy.

The farmers are swearing, and the parsons praying, for rain, with little probability of success, as one of them said, till the wind changes. They both re-

verse Pope's maxim; for they think,
Whatever is, is WRONG.

Thirty-five sail of the line only actually remain at Spithead, but there are three Admirals.

Adieu. Je vous souhaite bien, ma chère petite, le bon jour.

LETTER XXVIII.

Anchor, at Liphook,
 Friday Afternoon, July 8, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE found the tench here so remarkably delicate, that nothing could add to their flavour on a certain Alderman's palate but the eating them in your company. They were indeed ex-

quisite, and ~~Let~~ a brace playing about, which seem to promise equally. I have therefore spoilt their sport in the watery element, and as they set out this evening before ten, it is thought they will arrive in Grosvenor Square to-morrow morning in time for you to decide at four, if their personal merit is equal to that of their late companions.

Two little feathered folks, young and tender, of the same farm, accompany them in the journey, and I hope are not unworthy of being *croqués*.

My best compliments to the nymph of the bosquets of Grosvenor Square.

Adieu !

LETTER XXIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 10, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAD a pleasant drive to Liphook, where I arrived before three. I read, and sauntered in the garden, all the afternoon, and at nine recommended my weary limbs to the drowsy Morpheus. Yesterday I had a lucky passage to Ride of exactly forty-five minutes between the two shores.

I heard that Lord Hood was on shore at Portsmouth; but as Captain Banks told me the wind was quite favourable, I did not pay my compliments to his Lordship in person, but before I embarked took a sheet of gilt paper, and on the inside wrote,

“Glory and Victory to Old England, Additional fresh laurels to Lord Hood ;” and superscribed it, “The Right Honourable Lord Hood, with Mr. Wilkes’s respectful compliments.”

I wrote to you from Liphook, and sent you a brace of tench, and a couple of chickens, which ought to have been in Grosvenor Square by eight on Saturday morning.

The country has recovered a small, very small, tinct of verdure, but is truly pleasant. Autumn seems advancing very fast.

Yesterday Topham, Mrs. Wells, Andrews, George Macaulay, wife, sister, four more ladies, and three gentlemen called here. They ate cracknels, drank Frontinac, and decamped.

I received the letter from Mr. Lockey about the Port, and have answered it by this post, and I likewise write to James

Lee on the subject ; so that I take a good peep into futurity as to the cellar in Grosvenor Square.

There are thirty-six sail of the line now at Portsmouth ; but the universal opinion there is, that Lord Hood will not go out of the Channel. I sailed quite through the fleet, and my heart exulted at the sight.

Adieu, my dearest daughter.

LETTER XXX.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, July 16, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I PASSED yesterday without any of the terrors on account of the anniversary of the French revolution, which all the London papers seemed to wish to

inspire for our friends in the capital. Not a broken head I believe yesterday, but many a headach to-day in consequence of the number of strange toasts in bumpers.

I shall be happy to hear that the chimney-piece in the eating-parlour is finished, and all the prints arranged to your mind. I believe Charpentier has more than you suspect; I gave him so many. If more are wanting, I wish you to lay out for me twenty or thirty pounds more to make the room complete. I am anxious that it should be finished to your mind; and although it requires much thought, attention, and labour, I hope to hear of its being brought to perfection before the end of the month.

I had the pleasure of your letter of Monday. I did not call on Mrs. Gardner. Captain Bissett dined here yesterday, but I have neither seen nor heard

of Sir Richard Worsley. The French ladies are at Knighton House, a grandmother, mother, and little daughter.

The fleet still remains at Spithead.

My clerk, Edwards, died last Saturday. He is a real loss to the office. Charles Montague succeeds him; and Keyes, Charles Montague; but I have not named any additional clerk.

Be so good as to send me in the next parcel, two sixpenny phials of Amsterdam ink, and a small box of wafers, all red, with two quires of the best 8vo. gilt paper.

It rained here all Sunday and Monday, to the great joy of all the farmers in the island.

I have seen twice a dozen porpoises sporting near the shore.—Your packet is just arrived with the *Mercure*, No. 27, and the *Journaux* from June 27 to July 3, both inclusive, which continue the old

with great exactness. One of the *Moniteurs*, I observe, that of *July 7*, is missing. I shall dedicate to-morrow to them. The *Troisieme Supplement au Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique* I received before, and therefore wish you to return the other to Boffe. It is truly interesting and valuable.

I have a letter from my brother Heaton. Be so good as to tell him that I am sorry for his accident, and that when I return to town I will send him the old Prince's Court lease, and his large box. The *schedule*, of which he is desirous, was copied and annexed to the lease, which I surrendered to Mr. Wigg, and consequently became an original, when the new lease was signed.

Lady Oglander has been most dangerously ill from the silly trick of bleeding herself with a straw in the nose.

She pricked an artery, and the effusion of blood was prodigious.

I wish you could partake of the infinite quantity of strawberries and cherries, which my care has rewarded me with. My cherries are the prey of the black-birds, and they are most welcome.

Adieu, ma chère fille, aimez-moi toujours.

I beg to be remembered kindly to Miss Smith, Lord and Lady Shuldham, Madame La Fite, &c.

LETTER XXXI.

Sandham Cottage,
July 18, Monday, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I PLEASE myself with the idea that by the late fine weather your voice has now recovered its former soft tone, and that the exertions of it for your friends cease to be painful to yourself. You ought not in all fairness to suffer by our gratification.

I have a most grateful letter from young Montague on his promotion, but not a word from K-y-s.

Surely nothing ever equalled the absurdity of Gregoire's letter to Lord George Gordon—except perhaps Lord George's answer.

I am glad that common sense is re-

turned to Lord S——. Why will the mild nature of Kippis coalesce with such heterogeneous madmen and ruffians?

Trusty's duty, and thanks for many tidbits he has had by your orders. Be so good as to send in the next parcel, *Dr. Trusler's Garden Companion*, price one shilling, Byfield and Hawksworth can get it.

We have had fine rains the last two days. Your favourite walk near the sea is 445 feet in length: a mile is 5280 feet, 12 times 445 is 5340, consequently six times that walk, and the return, is above a mile—when will you take it?

I believe nothing ever equalled the constant attention and exactness of my dear daughter. I have just received her billet of Sunday last, and the ink, paper, &c.

Total of the line at Portsmouth,
2782 guns, 23,041 men.

I am shocked to read of the savage, cruel, and persecuting spirit of the mechanics at Birmingham; and I trust that Government will exert itself in the punishment of so vile and wicked a crew.

James Lee has luckily got me a pipe of excellent Port of 1786; but he does not mention the price.

Adieu, ma chère fille.

LETTER XXXII.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, July 25, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter of last Thursday yesterday morning, and am delighted with the favourable account you give me of your voice's returning to its former pleasing tone.

I shall certainly be at Portsmouth early on Saturday morning the 13th of August to receive you, and will order Captain Banks to have a vessel ready. Palmer's, at the George in the High Street, is the inn I am told now to be the best. I suppose you lie at Liphook, and in that case I advise you to write previously to Mrs. Keen.

Perhaps it would be as well to have the floor-cloth put down by Smith as soon as you leave Grosvenor Square, that the smell might be quite gone before your return; and if the rooms are all locked up, there could no damage occur.

You will want fine sugar and good tea. I believe there is sufficient of other things.—The *picture* of the female saint over the chimney in the eating-parlour I am most desirous to see well placed.

I desire you to write in time to Deputy Birch for half a buck, which you will

bring with you for the 16th of August, and a pine-apple. Mr. Bissett supplies me very kindly with melons and other fruit, but I have heard nothing of Sir Richard Worsley.

I was shocked at the infamy of the *French* handbill. The expense of Voltaire's *triumph* was to the highest degree absurd. Is the triumph of calm sober philosophy to be celebrated with the vain pomp and mad expense of a proud conqueror?

Has Lady Shuldharn begun the chapel to the heroes of Runnymede, or are all the gay ideas, which liberty inspires, vanished? It is remarkable that the riots at Birmingham were in favour of Government. They are generally meant to overturn the ruling powers. They will prove a cruel tax on the whole county of Warwick, the innocent as well as the guilty, of more than 100,000*l*.

I have at last a very grateful letter from Mr. Keyes on his promotion.

I am truly sorry for dear *Miss Smith*, and I wish you to express to her my sincere concern.

We have had much rain the two last days, and very cold weather, which has driven me twice to my bark potations, and I am now free from any aguish alarm.

The *Mercure* is right, No. 28, and the *Journaux* from *July 4* to *July 14*, both inclusive. Many thanks likewise for the other things.

Adieu, ma très chère.

LETTER XXXIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, July 29, 1791.

MANY thanks, my dearest daughter, for your letter of Wednesday, and all the accompaniments. The *Mercure* of No. 29, and the *Journaux* from July 15 to July 17, both inclusive and exact.

I look forwards to the 13th of August with true satisfaction, and you will certainly find me that morning at Portsmouth.

I wish you to bring me a pound of bark in powder, and half a pint of Huxham's tincture of bark.

My plan for Sandham Cottage in the winter is only a gardener, his wife, and a labourer. The present gardener wishes to marry. I have given my consent.

He says that his wife can cook. He is to be married next week, and to bring his wife here. Saunders's wife will assist, and Sally will make the beds, &c. ; but if you choose to bring any other female servant, I desire you would ; I mean besides your woman.

I have not yet read the French news. The moment is truly critical, but I rather think the monarchy will continue, perhaps with limitations more strict than our own.

We have had a great deal of rain and stormy weather, but the wheat looks well, and is not much lodged.

I desire you to lay me at the feet of the fair fugitives at Richmond, and to assure Mr. and Mrs. Hastings of my great regard.

The goodness of Madame De la Valliere to us both *ne finit pas*.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, Aug. 1, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ENTREAT you to be very cautious that you are not heated, or much fatigued, by too great attention to the workmen in Grosvenor Square. Autumnal fevers are most carefully to be avoided, and the present season is not very healthy.

If you find that after the arrangements for the eating-room in town, you have two or three prints to spare, and they should be about fourteen inches wide, and sixteen high, I wish you to order Charpentier to pack them carefully in a box, and to send them here, according to the old

direction, *John Wilkes, Esq. to the care of Mr. Wild, Bugle Inn, Newport, Isle of Wight*, to go by *Brookman's Southampton Waggon from the Rose at Holborn Bridge*, and to be booked. Sugar-loaves, and other things of too great bulk or weight, might be sent in the same manner, not to overload your post-chaise.

Your last letter mentions nothing about your voice, the news most interesting to me.

I forgot to mention coffee, wax-candles large and small for the veilleuses, and salad-oil.

Byfield's nephew succeeds as junior clerk in the Chamberlain's office, on good recommendation and security.

I observe that in the last number of the *Mercure* the words "*M. Mallet du Pan est seul chargé de la partie politique*" are omitted.

The rice is very bad here : be so good as to bring some excellent.

We are distressed here, especially about the hour of dinner, for a clock. If you have no objection, I should be glad to have your old one, which has been repaired by Le Roux, and his people might carefully pack it up.

The affairs of France are brought to a near conclusion, as it appears to me, by the National Assembly. All the executive powers in the Monarch have been suspended since June 25. By their late decrees, if he accepts, and swears to observe, the new constitution, he is King of the French with very limited powers. If he refuses, or should afterwards retract, the decree declares him to have abdicated, and that he shall then be considered only as a private citizen. The new constitution will be completed, it is

said, in less than a month, and the new elections then be proceeded upon.

La Fayette is wild, and culpable for releasing an intended assassin, who is let loose for other *assassinats* perhaps. He ought to have been tried, condemned to death, and La Fayette then have interceded for him, if the power of pardon still exists any where.

I shall be obliged to you at your full leisure to call at Seddons's, on some tour into the City, and to choose for me six garden chairs, light and easy, with holes at the bottom for the rain to pass, and to be painted white, to be sent to this cottage as soon as convenient.

Should Lady Shuldham erect the chapel we talked about, and paint the inside, this humble pen would trace out proper inscriptions in a cause which I have at heart. Perhaps her Ladyship could scarcely find a more elegant amuse-

ment, and by no means expensive ; but her pencil would make it invaluable.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXV.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 7, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

ON Thursday night I received the packet from Ride, with your entertaining letter of Wednesday, and all the French papers very exact. The *Mercure* is No. 30, and the *Journaux* from July 18 to July 24, both inclusive.

As I have the happiness of expecting you here the end of the week, I shall order my old Captain, Banks, to be ready

with a good vessel at Portsmouth on Saturday morning at ten.

I wish you to send all the English and French papers, &c. by Wednesday night's diligence to Portsmouth, where I shall be probably on Thursday, and they will entertain me till your arrival on the Saturday.

The weather is remarkably fine, and promises to be settled.

Be so good as to bring me twenty-five of the best fine-nibbed pens, and two quires of the best large common paper.

I have had some slight apprehensions of the old enemy again invading me, but they have not been realized, and you, who are used to bring me so many good things, will bring me the specific.

I wish *Anacreon* may add to your entertainments.

Sugar for coffee is much wanted here, macaroons, almonds and raisins, &c.;

venison and pine-apple for the 16th, I mentioned before.

I like exceedingly the plan you enclosed for the arrangements in the eating-parlour. The prints not used may be left in my bedchamber. I thank you for what you have done respecting the good Dutchess, who has every claim on us both.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

LETTER XXXVI.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, Aug. 8, 1791.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE examined with particular care and attention the plan, which you enclosed, of the arrangements of the prints for the eating-parlour in Grosvenor Square, and I most entirely approve. I am sure that the effect must be very pleasing. I rejoice that the chimney-piece is up, and that you leave the painting to be finished during your excursion to the sea-coast.

Many of the other prints, which were in my bedchamber at Prince's Court, I intend for my sleeping-room in Grosvenor Square; but some of the others in your lists I wish you to order Charpentier

to pack up directly and carefully, and to send them to Sandham Cottage. I should be glad to have the following here—*the Queen and Princess Royal; the Old Man and Child in his arms; Laocoon; seven Ovals of Hampden, &c.; King William, oval.* They may all be packed in one case.

Yesterday I was favoured with your letter of the 4th, but I had written to you before the receipt of it. The sea makes the arrival of letters so uncertain, that I shall probably not write again by the post, as we meet on Saturday morning at Portsmouth.

Mr. Elmsly and Mr. Nichols are just arrived, and the island is full of vagrants.

Many thanks for your care of the clock. I hope you will enjoy the venison with Mr. Paice.

I have not yet seen Sir Richard Worsley. He is building, as I am told, a

cottage on the brink of the ocean in the parish of St. Laurence, and every morning visits his workmen, and no one else.

The weather is intensely sultry within these two days, and not a sea-breeze. The zephyrs wait to waft you here.

Bon jour, et bon voyage, ma chère fille.

LETTER XXXVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, May 6, 1792.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

AFTER I left Grosvenor Square, quite to Liphook it rained incessantly, and I enjoyed a good fire there as much as I should have done in a raw day of the month of November. I found the

spring very backward, except in the immediate environs of London, and nothing but a little purple heath, and yellow broom, to cheer the eye in the long dreary extent from Guildford to Liphook.

The whole day of Saturday was an hurricane, and I passed from Portsmouth to Ride in forty minutes in a perfect storm, with some trouble, and perhaps a little danger in getting from the vessel to the boat. Captain Banks was the master of the vessel. The landing at Ride is shamefully neglected.

I found Sandham, both the cottage and the garden, in great order, but little appearance of the beauties of May, and we have still a cold north-east wind, which checks all vegetation. My feathered family are all well, and Trusty seemed in raptures at my return. He shall soon have some tid-bits in your

name. At dinner I had very fine asparagus and brocoli, from our own kitchen-garden.

I stopped at Fielding's, the Fountain, a large good inn at Portsmouth. The mistress of it will take care of all parcels for me. Large parcels may be sent by Clarke's Portsmouth waggon from the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, and the smaller by the diligence from the same place.

I have been in a shivering state ever since I left the capital, but, thank Heaven, not from the ague, but from the cold, piercing winds. The garden suffers as much, and the beauteous bloom of spring is nipped with the lagging rear of winter's frost.

I wish you at an hour of leisure to call at Mason's, and desire him to send to Grosvenor Square a guinea's-worth of the seeds of annuals, persicaria in parti-

ocular, and to put them up in the next parcel for me. Let him set it down to my account. I hope their beauty will indemnify you for the trouble.

I trust that my dearest daughter pays the utmost attention to her health, and I own that the apprehensions I feel from these bitter winds, especially for her voice, are not inconsiderable. Her next letter I hope will relieve my anxiety.

I beg you to express my regret to Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, that my absence in the country deprives me of the pleasures I was sure of enjoying in a day passed under their roof, and to remember me to Lord and Lady Shuldham, Madame La Fite, Mrs. Buller, &c. &c.

I long to hear the first operations of this French-Austrian war, this grappling of the monkey and the bear.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Sandham Cottage,

Thursday, May 10, 1792.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RECEIVED with much pleasure and satisfaction your letter and the parcel from Portsmouth. I highly applaud your prudence in being a home-keeper during the late churlish evenings, and I hope that you already reap the benefit, especially as to your voice.

I have scarcely quitted the fire-side since I became an inhabitant of the Isle of Wight, and I am likely to preserve my warm post till the rude north and east winds yield to the mild and gentle zephyrs.

I was much pleased with your account of the lucky accident which has brought

you and Mrs. Montague together, and perhaps I shall profit by it, by asking a corner of your coach on my return, when you visit in Portman Square; and I trust I shall obtain the permission of examining, and admiring, at leisure all the beauties and wonders of that superb hotel.

I hope *Miss Smith* will still long continue here to please and edify us by such an example at such an age, and in such an age.

The packing-needle, and penny blue ribband, are regularly employed on every *cahier* of the *Feuille du Jour*, and I shall bring them all with me to town, as well as the *Journaux*.

I have neither seen nor heard of the Baronet at Appuldurcombe Park.

A barbarous frenzy seems to possess the French army, which I should think it difficult to suppress.

Trusty has profited not a little by your kind remembrance of him.

The *untaught harmony of Spring* we long, but in vain, to hear.

Adieu !

Poor Caron de Beaumarchais ! What a wretched letter to M. Manuel !—*Mais s'il ne mourroit pas de peur !—Je ne répondrai plus à rien.*

M. l'Evêque d'Autun est prêt à se rendre en Angleterre, où sa destination l'appelle. Il emmene avec lui M. de Chauvelin, notre Ambassadeur.

LETTER XXXIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 17, 1792.

I THANK you, my dearest Polly, for your letter of the 11th, and the two parcels from Portsmouth.

I am on the tiptoe of expectation for Wednesday's papers, as I have a private letter from my namesake at Portsmouth, stating that Seringapatam is taken, which I hold to be news of the utmost importance, as it must put an end to a dangerous and expensive war.

What a scandalous catchpenny is the pamphlet of the "Mémoires Secrets de Madame de Tencin * !" and what an

* Madame de Tencin was the sister of the Cardinal of that name, the Archbishop of Lyons. She became known as the author of several pleas-

impostor is the Abbé Barthelemi, to impose on the world under so respectable a name, to induce the belief that he was the author of *Anacharsis*?

I had an agreeable tour from Geneva to Paris; but what a furious democrat is the author, and what a finished courtesan is Mademoiselle Ferrand!

The seeds I hope you will admire as beautiful flowers. I put them all into the ground on Tuesday, and we have since had very kindly rains.

Poor Mrs. Gilbert! There is something so particularly cruel in that reverse of nature's plan, that the parent buries

ing romances—amongst others of the Siege of Calais—whence Mr. Colman has adopted the episode of Ribemont and Julia in his favoured drama of the Siege of Calais. Madame de Tencin is also highly spoken of by Lord Chesterfield in his Letters. She died in 1749. I am unacquainted with the *Mémoires Secrets*.—EDIT.

the child, and to lose such a child! mysterious Heaven!!!

Sir Richard Worsley dined here yesterday. He has not before dined from home since last autumn. He sends you many compliments.

Dr. Warton's new living is worth 500*l.* a year. I did not know that the Doctor had taken so decided a part in the Regency business, as to *speechify* publicly more than once. Lord North's brother of Winchester has comforted him under the loss of the expected lawn sleeves, which he will not wear, I believe, in this reign.

You do not give me one article about your voice, which I hope these mild rains have softened. I walked on Tuesday along the shore to Shanklin, climbed the Chine, and returned here the same way to dinner with Mr. Hewson.

Adieu!

LETTER XL.

Sandham Cottage,

Sunday, May 20, 1792.

By the country post we are informed that the fair at Brading produced very few sheep, horses, or *beasts of any kind*, and some tawdry ribands, of which I shall bring a specimen to Grosvenor Square.

The gardener's wife increases in size almost as much as his pumpkins, and next month we suppose one or more strangers will arrive at the cottage. He is said to be very attentive to, and careful of, his mate.

There are thirteen pea-fowls at the cottage, between whom some solemn gallantries are continually passing; and the gallinis are as brisk and amorous as any French petits-maitres. The conse-

quences I foresee. Un et un font deux, c'est le nombre heureux, en galanterie, mais quelquefois un et un font trois, &c. &c.

Old ocean is quite in a fury, and big waves lash the affrighted shores. What a contrast to your peaceful bosquets !

As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps ;
The afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar,
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the
shore.

No poet ever painted the sea in a storm beyond old Homer, who was born, and lived, on the grand shores of Greece and Asia Minor.

I am much obliged by your letter of the 16th, and the large parcel of French news, &c. which came very safe from Portsmouth.

I give Madame Brulart joy of De Biron's letter. "M. M. de Chartres et de Montpensier ont marché avec moi comme volontaires, et ont essuyé pour la première fois beaucoup de coups de fusils de la manière la plus *brillante* et la plus tranquille ;" but I suppose they likewise made good their retreat with De Biron.

I beg you to assure Mrs. Buller, with my best compliments, that one of my first occupations on my return to town will be to look out for a copy of Catullus and Theophrastus to add to her well-chosen collection of volumes.

James Lee has sent me another pipe of Port of the famous year 1786, but he says that wine in Portugal is risen, so that it will cost me 40s. more than the last pipe.

I do not find that the sea has done any considerable damage here, but the late north and east winds have brought most

destructive blights to all the tender infants of the spring.

Among Voltaire's works deposited in the Pantheon, or at St. Geneviève, is the following :

SUR L'ESTAMPE DU R. P. GIRARD, ET DE LA
CADIÈRE.

Cette belle voit Dieu ; Girard voit cette belle :
Ah ! Girard est plus heureux qu'elle !

[Quelle horreur !]

La Fayette's address to the army under his command is spirited and humane, and beyond what I expected from him.

Adieu, ma très chère fille.

LETTER XLI.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 24, 1792.

I CANNOT express to you, my dearest Polly, my concern at the news of the Chancellor's resignation; which I hear from every quarter takes place this day. It is leaving Mr. Hastings in a cruel situation; for although I imagine the power and authority of the High Steward will still exist in Lord Thurlow, yet his influence in the Cabinet, and I suppose his seat there, will be lost; and much of his weight with the public. I do not suspect any treachery, nor intention to blink the cause of Mr. Hastings. Thurlow's character is too manly, but his concern at a great domestic calamity has overset his philosophy, and given full

scope to the violence of a temper naturally impetuous.

In the last packet from Portsmouth came the enclosed little billet from Ridley. He is, I believe, our painter. His work in Grosvenor Square has been tolerably performed. He employed three or four men. I have often seen him, but never once sober. He never said a word to me about his bill. I suppose it is among those which Rogers examined. On my return to town, I will settle it, and in the mean time I enclose a draft for the sum which he desires, for which of course he will give a receipt on account.

I am delighted that your voice is so much improved; and surely the zephyrs, the balmy zephyrs, will come with healing under their wings, before May leaves us. To-day a cold east wind makes me shiver, nor have I yet left off fires in my

bedchamber, although I have none in the parlour.

Sunday evening we had in these parts a very furious storm of thunder and lightning, which did great mischief on Portsmouth Common ; but none, I believe, in this island.

I have not seen nor heard of *Made-moiselle* and her party. Yesterday was so fine, I expected them here in their romantic excursion, and to have regaled them in *Tuscany* with Cyprus, cracknels, macaroons, &c. &c.

I shall be happy to accompany you to Mrs. Montague's superb mansion.

I have a plan to make war for a day or two on the birds at the back of this island, but nothing is yet settled, and I intend certainly to return to town almost immediately after the birthday.

Adieu !

LETTER XLII.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, May 31, 1792.

I SCARCELY think that the history of mankind can furnish, my dearest Polly, scenes more truly horrid and comic than in the neighbouring nation of monkeys and tigers, as Voltaire calls the French. The business of Avignon is too horrid to dwell upon, but the National Assembly often presents the most ridiculous exhibitions. What can a person think of “*de jeunes épouses qui avoient des dons à offrir sont venues en foule à la barre. Toutes ont juré d’être fidelles à la constitution, et même de l’être à leurs maris.*”—“*Les gardes nationales du département de l’Eure ont envoyé à l’Assemblée une modique ofrande, mais ils l’ont rendue interessante*

par l'expression de leurs sentimens. Ils demandent de marcher à l'ennemi ; ils jurent d'avance une soumission aveugle, et promettent de combattre en silence et de n'ouvrir la bouche que pour déchirer les cartouches." On what are these fellows to subsist ? will they save the state all the *approvisionnement*s for an army ?

In the last packet from Portsmouth I found a polite letter from Sir John Sinclair, the day before he set out for Scotland ; a beautiful print in large 8vo. of a ram from Mysore, and a pamphlet in French entitled " Prospectus d'un Ouvrage intitulé, *Analyse de l'Etat Politique d'Ecosse, &c. &c.*" Under the article Edinburgh he quotes from William Creech, Esq. " En 1786 l'ancienne salle de danse fut abandonnée aux gardes de la ville ; on en battit trois nouvelles fort élégantes, et une quatrième à Leith. A la danse noble et majestueuse des me-

nuets, on avoit substitué les contre-danses, qui souvent avoient plutôt l'air d'une partie de sauts et de gambades, que d'une danse. L'habillement étoit singulièrement négligé sur-tout par les hommes, qui, au sortir de la taverne, pleins de vin, et peu fermes sur leurs jambes, se rendoient dans cet état à une assemblée composées de femmes des plus belles et des plus élégantes de l'Europe !”

I grieve exceedingly for the death of Lord Rodney : we have lost an amiable friend, and the country its bravest and most successful hero, whose glorious flag was always surmounted by victory. Peace to his manes, and immortality to his fame !

We have had here a storm for the two last days, with much rain, and the weather is as cold as it was [not] at Christmas. In the midst of the storm came into this vale of tears a fine boy to suc-

ceed the gardener in all his primitive occupations, and like the first male at the sweat of his brow to till and cultivate the earth; although arriving in such a storm on the brink of old ocean, he ought rather to be a fisherman, or mariner.

I do not wish you to send me any letter, or parcel, after next Saturday. Some time the next week I hope to rejoin my dear daughter in Grosvenor Square, but the weather renders all my plans of making war on the birds, &c. quite uncertain. I mean at present to leave this cottage next Tuesday, June 5, and perhaps shall be in town on Wednesday or Thursday.

Adieu!

LETTER XLIII.

Isle of Wight,
Sunday, June 3, 1792.

I THANK you, my dearest Polly, for your letter of last Wednesday, and the parcel, which I received only yesterday. I shall not leave Sandham Cottage till Tuesday morning, to give a fair time for the receipt of Saturday's parcel. I believe the party to Freshwater will take place. In that case I shall not probably have the pleasure of seeing you till Friday or Saturday, and I may arrive before any future letter.

Yesterday's post brought me the enclosed letter from Mr. Keys. It is in the note to Mr. Montague, which I send unsealed, that you may read both. I wish you afterwards to send them by the penny-post. There can be no loss I sup-

pose from Keys, as he was not the receiving clerk; but I am not to be surprised into a promise, of which I might afterwards repent.

I will make every inquiry I can at Portsmouth about Mademoiselle, and her attendants. Your guess is very probable.

I admire, and applaud, your prudential arrangement about the birthday. I will endeavour to imitate it in other particulars respecting myself.

The late complaint of Louis XVI. against Petion is a new fracas of a most singular kind, and must produce some singular events.

Adieu, my dearest daughter, and continue to love your affectionate and obliged father.

LETTER XLIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 22, 1792.

I AM first to acknowledge the very polite attention of my dearest Polly in quitting the downy embraces of the gentle god of slumbers at so early an hour of Friday to pour out my tea, and give me the first regale of the day.

The heavens smiled upon me all the way to Liphook, and the beautiful landscapes for many miles on both sides the road were gilded by the sunbeams. I arrived at Liphook at three, and dined at four. Before six, torrents of rain descended, and there was much livid lightning. The storm continued all night, and till yesterday afternoon. I left Liphook at eight, and on my arrival at Portsmouth I found Captain Banks at

the Fountain. The wind was perfectly fair, but it rained very hard, and blew a hurricane. I embarked with my Captain, and in five minutes experienced a more severe sea-sickness than I ever before suffered, which continued till I got to Ride, tossed about in an open boat for above half a mile after we quitted Captain Banks's new vessel. The passage however was less than the half-hour. I was thoroughly drenched, but I believe have no cold. No consideration could have induced me to consent to your embarking in such weather; but men are formed to struggle with dangers and difficulties.

The country is really in very high beauty, and still possesses all the verdure of May. Vegetation is very luxuriant, but I fear the farmer will suffer, especially in his hay. The wheat and barley

straw is astonishing, but I fear both grains will be very scanty.

Madame Desgonges's letter on the death and character of Monsieur Gou-vion is very striking, and a most singular publication from a lady in such a paper as the *Moniteur*.

Adieu, my dearest Polly ; continue to love me.

LETTER XLV.

Sandham Cottage,

Thursday, July 26, 1792.

YOUR letter arrived yesterday very à-propos, my dearest Polly, to comfort me under the pressure of a heavy atmosphere, a deluge of rain, and a hurricane of wind; Tuesday and Mon-

day were cheerful sunshine, and this day is tolerable, but the weather seems at present very far from settled. I wish some astrologer would whisper me about the next month, that we might take an agreeable plan during the recess from City business, for I should think Grosvenor Square much preferable to the sea-coast with the Pleiades and all the watery planets our foes.

I thank you for the large packet of news, the only interesting article of which is from our own Gazette, that the King of Prussia was to arrive at Anspach the 13th, and continue his route for Coblentz on the 17th. August will certainly be a most interesting month, and probably decide the fate of the *constitution Françoise*.

I wish you not to send the *Mercure* for fear of accidents. I preserve carefully your *Feuille du Jour*.

I met Mr. Swinburne in Cheapside the day before I left town. He talked of paying a visit here soon with his son.

I was ill for two days after my arrival here, from the violence of the sea-emetic, and the having been so thoroughly drenched ; but I am now perfectly recovered.

I beg you to mention particularly how your voice is.

Remember me to the *tricolor Marquis*, and to Lord and Lady Shuldham, Mrs. Buller, &c. &c. I have no news yet of Lord Grosvenor.

Adieu, and take care of my best-beloved.

LETTER XLVI.

Sandham Cottage,

Tuesday, July 31, 1792.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THERE is a very generally prevalent notion here among the best judges of the weather, the farmers, ~~that~~ the succeeding month of August will be fine. In that case I should wish that we might pass it here ; and the late plentiful rains have secured us, I believe, all the beauteous verdure of the spring during the remainder of the autumn. I leave the plan of your tour entirely to yourself, and will cross the sea to meet you at Portsmouth any day you prefer, but be so good to let me know two or three days before. Should the weather prove tempestuous, when you are at Ports-

mouth, we will not brave the fury of the angry ocean, but wait the return of his placid mien, as Virgil describes him.

I wish you to send, or bring, the *Magazine* and *Review* for July, and *Lackington's new Catalogue*.

I write this on the supposition of the season's not being rainy ; for even after we are at Portsmouth, if that should appear to be probably the case, our return to town would be the most advisable measure. I add this, because, notwithstanding all the predictions of farmers, it now begins a heavy rain, and the horizon has thick clouds in every part.

Remember a haunch and neck of venison, and a pine-apple, for the 16th ; for, my Polly, that we have together, wherever we are.

I have not had a letter, packet, or newspaper, since Friday, but I suppose all the articles of curiosity from your

great continent of England will respect the military camp, and the mock fights, in which the Prince of Wales will continue victorious in these bloodless fields. I fear the Gallic fields will soon be died with purple gore.

My best compliments attend Lord and Lady Shuldham, Mrs. Buller, &c. &c. &c.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

LETTER XLVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 5, 1792.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

LADY Burgoyne and her daughter have been here with Lord and Lady Glencairn, and a large party, who were unanimous in the expression of their regret that you were not in the island. Lady Burgoyne talked much of the Dudleys, and retailed to me every the smallest item of the late will, which I have forgotten already.

I am sorry to mention the fate of the
——s, ——— at Portsmouth. They were certainly honest industrious people; but a speculation as to houses at Portsmouth, and the peace following, has totally ruined them, and I under-

stand that the mother and son will appear as bankrupts in the next Gazette. Would to God that every species of gambling was confined to the infamous clubs in St. James's Street; but that most destructive vice pervades, I think, all the country !

I have just received a letter from Mr. Montague, by which I find that the aggregate cash in the chamber of London at the shutting the office for the recess is only 8485*l.* 0*s.* 6½*d.* This he thinks advantageous to me; and from the opinion of all the gentlemen with whom he has conversed, he thinks there is no doubt of the court of Common Council allowing me interest according to my own plan.

The trait of Madame Elizabeth is excellent; but perhaps the *Dieu Vengeur* may be thought at this moment to be punishing France for the horrid cruelties

of Bodegrave and Swammerdam in 1672,
and the twice burning the Palatinate.

Tuesday Morning, Aug. 7.

I waited with no small impatience for your packet, which did not arrive till last night, and brought me your welcome letter of last Friday. I shall certainly contrive to lie at Fielding's, the Fountain at Portsmouth, next Sunday, that I may be ready to receive you on the Tuesday morning, and I will direct Captain Banks to have a good vessel for us by eleven on Tuesday morning, if the weather permits to cross old ocean, and dine here that day. We have now had six successive fine days, and I really hope that the weather is at last settled. I wish you to send me by the post on Saturday to Fielding's two of the morning papers under cover of Mr. Mainwaring, or any other member, cutting the margin, and

the *Courier de Londres*, in another frank, to relieve the tristesse of a dimanche Anglicain, and the *Supplement*, of last Friday, which must contain the Duke of Brunswick's extraordinary declaration of July 25.

* * * * *

I am afraid Benjamin's illness will prove a real inconvenience to you. Perhaps you might employ the little housemaid, Nanny, to take the papers, &c. to the diligence, and have them booked twice a week, for every day becomes more interesting to you and me, both of whom know something of foreign politics. If she would likewise take the care of the birds in the absence of James, I would satisfy her on my return.

I write this post to Benjamin on some little commissions.

I may probably write again; but should I be prevented, I heartily wish my chère petite a good journey, and bid her adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

Thursday, Aug. 9, 1792.

SANDHAM Cottage sends the warmest wishes for the good journey and safe arrival of its fair mistress, and uninterrupted health for the enjoyment of all its rural beauties.

LETTER XLIX.

Sandham Cottage;
Monday, July 8, 1793.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I do not remember a more sultry day in this country than last Saturday. The dust and the heat almost overpowered me, and the number of

recruits for both the army and navy was no small additional inconvenience to us, both on the road, and in the towns through which we passed.

I sauntered so long at Cobham, that I did not reach Liphook till after five, but found every thing there cool and comfortable, and the garden wonderfully neat and fragrant.

Portsmouth overflowed with officers and privates, in all the variety of uniforms. Lord Howe was there, but expected to sail this day, with a fleet of about twenty sail, perfectly well conditioned, and the men in high spirits.

This little spot is in high beauty, and the gardener has exerted himself to have every thing in very great order. The progress of vegetation since the last year is truly astonishing, and we are in a wilderness of sweets. Your favourite seat is worthy your attention and praise,

and you will be captivated with it more than ever.

An hour and a quarter brought me in a wherry under the care of Captain Banks from Portsmouth to Ride, and I had under my protection Mr. and Mrs. Saumarez, the brother-in-law and sister of Alderman Le Mesurier, and brother of the surgeon Saumarez, who supplied me so liberally some years ago with Guernsey lilies. They are now again beginning to increase, and I am promised a good many for the ensuing October, when they flower, and will adorn your habitation in Grosvenor Square.

Did you receive my little Harriet's Hygeia * ?

I hope that in this suffocating heat your health is the primary object of your

* An engraving from an antique gem by Miss H. Wilkes.

solicitude, and I beg to hear as often as you can how you do, and what are your plans, including above all your tour, and abode here for as long as you like, and we will return together to the capital, to our cheerful winter quarters.

Adieu, my beloved Polly : I will write again the end of this week.

Adieu!

LETTER L.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, July 11, 1793.

WE are almost panting for breath, my dearest Polly, even so near old ocean, and the rage of the dog-star is as furious as was ever remembered in

our climate. Last night there was much thunder and lightning, but only one refreshing shower, and all nature seems again exhausted and parched up with the intense heat.

Birch's venison arrived yesterday in tolerable condition, but I shall not venture such another experiment, only shall trust to what you will bring.

Lord Howe is still at Portsmouth, where they are very busy in fitting out another fleet. The first alarm of the French for this island is entirely over, and a perfect calm has succeeded.

I have not seen a daily paper since I left the capital, and have confined myself to the ninety-two volumes of Voltaire, that great store of science, genius, learning, and gaiety.

The important chest of pine-apple rum, beaume de vie, orgeat, &c. &c. is not yet arrived, so that I live in the

primitive simplicity of the patriarchal age, on fruits, milk, honey, and a little of the firstlings of the flock, and a trifling morceau de venaison from the field, or forest. What an exemplary life for an Alderman !

Are the Dutchess and Mademoiselle Fanian set out on the excursion to Spa ? and is your excellent Dutchess de la Valliere tolerable amid this scene of horrors ?

Madame de la Fite engages my best wishes, and I fear for her health from the peculiar heat of the season.

Sir Richard Worsley is, I hear, at Gosport, not a little harassed with his boorish countrymen.

I expect Dr. Warton here every day, and I believe that he has destined a greater part than usual of this summer to the island.

Let me know particularly how my dear

daughter supports this cruel heat, which every one here can scarcely bear up under.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LI.

Sandham Cottage,

Monday, July 15, 1793.

I GIVE my perfect consent, my dearest Polly, to wait for the pine-apple rum, and orgeat, by the waggon, while the post brings me such favours as yours of the 9th, which I received last Thursday, just after mine was sent away.

I am glad that you have suffered so little by the intense heat, and I hope the same prudent attention to your health will secure you the remainder of this

summer and autumn, if the burning sun of Africa continues to flame perpendicular over our devoted heads.

My time has passed entirely in reading, and sauntering around this small cheerful domain, which I believe you will like much better than any former year, from the wonderful efforts of a kind vegetation since the beginning of the last spring.

To-day we are under the reign of St. Swithin ; and as that Christian Pleiad has not yet shed her watery influence over our island, we may perhaps to-morrow lay out a reasonable plan for the country during the next month and September, when my holydays expire, and I wish, as Chamberlain, to continue to be exemplary.

I am glad to hear so favourable an account of Mrs. Molineux, and I hope the two generations of children will be

grateful for her great care and merit towards them.

Nothing surprises me in the conduct of Mrs. J——. Bath will supply instances of equal, not of superior foolishness. I hope she will continue there.

Portsmouth does not at any time receive the smallest boat of any kind from France, neither fishing nor smuggling. Lord Howe is just sailed for St. Helen's with a fleet of twenty-one ships, fifteen of the line.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

LETTER LII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 21, 1793.

THE Saint of last Monday, my dearest Polly, did not follow the example of the weeping Magdalen, nor was, like Niobe, all tears, for a period equal to that of Noah's flood, according to the received tradition, but gave us a cheerful sunshiny day. The weather continued unclouded till Wednesday afternoon, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning, with a deluge of rain, succeeded; and every day since we have had a weeping sky. St. Swithin surely forgot her own day, or was a little in the old style, not choosing to appear earlier in this profane barbarous age.

We have now the pleasure of finding the russet coat of autumn done away,

and the beautiful green mantle of spring reassumed.

I received the Saturday's parcel, and the box. I much approve your conduct in sending the first box back to its impertinent maker.

Biron's account of the killing 8000 of the royalists in a single action at Angenis near Nantes is, I believe, a monstrous exaggeration. I should hope the placing of the young French King under the care of a Monsieur Simon was only the usual French mode of removing youth at seven years of age from the care of the women to that of a male governor, or instructor ; but it must be a heart-breaking separation to the poor mother, and her fears infinitely more alarming from absence.

Cordorcet I never thought equal to so stormy a sea, and I hear his little bark is at last shipwrecked.

Miss Swinburne's complaint has been general in the Isle of Wight, and a rash has often been accompanied with partial swellings and boils, which I hope has not been her case.

I have only sauntered on the premises and on the sea-coast, and nursed as well as I can, *un vieillard cacochyme*, without being obliged to renew any former teasing complaints, even under the rage of Sirius.

I should have been much pleased to have seen the Dutchess and Mademoiselle F. at Portsmouth.

I cannot apprehend a possibility of danger either in coming or staying here, and therefore I shall attend you at Portsmouth, whenever you appoint; if you have no objection to an excursion to this beautiful island, and abode, which really now merits more than attention, no small favour. I desire you to follow en-

tirely your own plan, and I will shape my schemes by yours. I once intended to have passed here the best part of September ; but after the pleasing events of the present year, I fear it might look ungrateful to my friends, if I did not return to my duty by the second, or early in the third week of that month. I believe you would not form a wish to protract our stay beyond that period. Let me know in time all your arrangements, and particularly for your birthday, which I wish always to distinguish as the whitest day in the calendar, and I will conform to them ; that by prudence and foresight we may counteract the perverseness of these times, which are so much out of joint.

I have had a visit from Lord Harrowby, and three or four Members of Parliament ; but Mr. Hatsell does not visit this

coast. His Lordship, and the party, are settled at Cowes.

Sir Richard Worsley is with the South Hants militia at Gosport, but preparing for a tour to Italy.

The strawberries have been very abundant, and remarkably sweet; but since the storm of Wednesday, and the subsequent rains, their flavour is lost. Raspberries are coming on in great perfection. A tolerable show of apples, but not a single pear, peach, nectarine, or apricot. The roses were in high beauty, but the honeysuckles generally blighted. The Chinese mallow, acacia, arbutus, &c. succeeded this year.

The venison-warrant arrived safe at the Chamberlain's office, and travelled from thence to Mr. Deputy Birch's in Cornhill for our use, particularly for the 16th of August.

I suppose Mr. C. has not sent you yet any thing, as you do not mention it.

The harvest is already begun at Portsdown, and the wheat is fine and abundant ; but in this island we do not expect reaping to take place before the end of the first week in August.

Adieu, ma très chère fille ; conservez-moi toujours la tendresse, qui fait le charme de ma vie.

“ Je ne m'accoutume point à ce mélange de frivolité et de barbarie : des singes devenus des tigres affligent ma sensibilité et révoltent mon esprit. Il est triste que les nations étrangères ne nous connoissent, depuis quelques années, que par les choses les plus avilissantes et les plus odieuses.” VOLTAIRE en 1766.

LETTER LIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Saturday, July 27, 1793.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I DID not receive till yesterday the favour of your letter, and the packet of newspapers and other things, of last Saturday. I do not guess to what the delay was owing, as I have so often experienced your great exactness.

It rains now almost every day for an hour or two, but the corn is not lodged, nor has the least damage ensued.

On Monday, or Tuesday, the harvest begins, but only in a few places where the land is remarkably good, and in a favourable site.

I do not believe that a tear will be shed for the death of that monster Marat.

What a heroine ! I should suppose *Egalité* must soon experience a like just doom, unless prevented by the guillotine.

May I trouble you to send the enclosed by James to my deputy in Cow Lane ?

Adieu : continuez de m'aimer.

LETTER LIV.

Sandham Cottage,

Thursday, Aug. 1, 1795.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RECEIVED ON Monday evening your pleasing letter of Saturday the 27th, and the parcel from Ride.

I have inquired very particularly into the cause of the delay of my last letter, but without success. I hope naval affairs

are better conducted at Portsmouth than our civil concerns, or the great bulwark of our country will be in a wretched state.

I am much pleased with the attention of Mr. Shackleton ; and such a beautiful piece of furniture must give the Dutchess high ideas of the state of manufactures in England.

I have much wished to have given you here the noble view of Lord Howe's fleet, and the small Portuguese squadron, but perhaps still grander scenes may present themselves before our return to the capital:

As you will have me propose the arrangement for this month and September, behold a little sketch submitted to correction from you in every part.

Suppose then that my dearest Polly lay at Liphook on Friday the 9th of this month, and came the next morning, the Saturday, 10th, to the Fountain at Ports-

mouth. You will in that case find me there, and Captain Banks ready with a good vessel to bring you to Ride. If every thing is prosperous, I would propose for us to continue here till Sunday, the 8th of September, and that evening to take up our old quarters at Mrs. Keen's in Liphook, on our return to town. Let me know, if any part, or the whole, of this plan pleases you.

In this case you cannot bring the venison for the 16th, but must leave your directions for Mr. Birch, for half a buck, and it must come to Portsmouth.

It would be prudent to give Mrs. Keen a previous line. My affectionate regards to Mrs. Buller, and the noble possessors of Ankerwyke.

I write by this post to James with some trifling commissions.

I wish to know when you receive this letter.

* * * * *

In next Saturday's parcel to Portsmouth I wish to have the *Monthly Review* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which will be sent this day to Grosvenor Square.

Adieu : venez dans ce sejour paisible, qui vous attend avec impatience.

Did you receive the enclosed letter for Mr. Deputy Brewer ?

I wish you to send to Dilly's in the Poultry for the *Additions* to Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*. They are to be had separately.

Il est vrai que le diable est dechainé, et regne actuellement dans le beau pays de France.

LETTER LV.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 4, 1793.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I WROTE to you a long letter on Thursday the first of August, and submitted to you a sketch of your intended tour to this beautiful island. The next morning I had the pleasure of receiving your two letters of July 25 and July 29, together by the post. I have in no year found all kind of carriage to and from this island so irregular.

I hope for a letter to-day to know your determination about the time of your arrival at Portsmouth, where I intended to be on Friday the 9th; but your motions will regulate my little tour.

We have seen to-day a very numerous

fleet, but at too great a distance to form any opinion to what power it belongs.

I hope the elegant Miss Swinburne has not suffered by the chicken-pox, which is too often a cruel enemy to a fair skin.

I give Sir Richard Worsley joy of his appointment; but the Margravine of Anspach will not join me, for she says in the volume of her Travels now before me, "I am amazed any gentleman can accept of an *embassy* to a place where the natives must avoid them, as if they were infected with the plague:" and yet our Baronet is after all only *Minister*.

The Baron and Baroness de Crussol seem to me to walk dangerously amid the scarcely extinguished fires at Brussels.

Madame De la Fite has always my best wishes.



The numerous ships now at St. Helen's are, I understand, going to the Newfoundland fishery.

Adieu, ma chère petite.

I have just received the Saturday's parcel, and your letter of Aug. 3, and shall have the happiness of seeing you, I hope, on Saturday at Portsmouth in perfect health.

Yesterday it rained three hours, and all the morning of this day.

Adieu till Saturday.

LETTER LVI.

Sandham Cottage,
July 13, Sunday, 1794.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I ALMOST melted away from the extreme of a suffocating heat before I arrived at Cobham, and a large bowl of lemonade was scarcely sufficient to wash away the dust, which I had been championing for above three hours. Mr. White informed me of the female tenants at the White Hart, who put us last year in so great jeopardy, having decamped, and their place being supplied by a Mr. Hervey, brother-in-law to Mr. Lambe, a silversmith, and Common Councilman of my ward. I was well used by him, and the house has a very decent appearance, but the poor fellow had tears in his

eyes, when he told me of thirty-five horse quartered on him.

At Liphook two hounds chained together, yelping all night, and the continued heat, banished all sleep, and made me resort at a very early hour to the post-chaise, which brought me on to Portsmouth, where I found the good folks scarcely opening their eyes after the late brilliant visit of the Royal Family.

I had a good passage to the Isle of Wight with Captain Williams of only fifty minutes, and found the garden in great order and high beauty. The vegetation of the myrtles, arbutus's, &c. is astonishing, more African than European.

I hope your first attention is a scrupulous attention to your dear health, and to ward off the malignant fury of the dog-days, and the intemperate rage of Leo. I shall be impatient till I hear from my dearest Polly.

Adieu !

LETTER LVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 20, 1794.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE joy and exultation which I felt from the perusal of the last *Gazette Extraordinary*, and the gallant behaviour of our countrymen at Port-au-Prince, was much damped by the atrocious murder of the charming and excellent Dutchess de Biron. The cup of iniquity of the bloody savages at Paris seems to run over, and an exemplary punishment I hope will soon overtake them.

Perhaps the P. has only left the large elephant folio *Mrs.* — till after Michaelmas, and has taken a small duodecimo for the sultry season.

The russetness of autumn is now the

only colour of nature, and all the fragrant family of flowers droop, but the feathered folks are all well, and honest Trusty.

Poor W-ld's affairs turn out very bad, and the widow I believe will continue but a few weeks in the house.

My wines are arrived safe, and your Bristol water. This hatch seems very well corked.

Judge Grose is in the island for a few days before he sets out on the circuit, but I have not yet seen him.

I commend your kind prudence and good care, the only preventives against the present surrounding and alarming evils of an intemperate and noxious atmosphere and season.

Bon jour, chère petite.

LETTER LVIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, July 17, 1794.

SUNDAY's post brought me the favour of my dearest Polly's letter of Saturday, and I was truly happy to hear that you support so well the intense heat of these suffocating dog-days. I have not yet recovered from the agitation of so long a journey, and have only yet sauntered through my humble domains, and played with *Trusty*, and the grave favourites in the Menagerie.

Brandenburgh House I hope was gay and amusing to you on Saturday, and the checquered scenes of natives and foreigners must be curious, as well as the spectacle of the widow of an English peer acting the Margravine of Anspach, with

all the mock pomp of a tiresome German etiquette.

I regret that the vile English word *which*, of so uncouth and savage a sound, should three times find a place in the first sentence of the King's last speech.

Perhaps you have not seen the following happy lines, which I found this morning in Voltaire's fourteenth volume.

A MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE LA VALLIERE,
AU NOM DE MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE * *,
EN LUI ENVOYANT UNE NAVETTE.

L'emblème frappe ici vos yeux :
Si les grâces, l'amour et l'amitié parfaite
Peuvent jamais former des nœuds,
Nous devez tenir la navette.

Adieu : my messenger seems impatient.

LETTER LIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 27, 1794.

I HAVE to thank you, my dearest Polly, for the continuance of that care and attention in all my concerns, and for my little pleasures here, which have distinguished you in all the former years of my excursion here.

So furious a hurricane prevailed here on Wednesday and Thursday, that the passage from Portsmouth was for many hours interrupted, and I did not receive the packet from Ride till late last night.

W——, like many other tradesmen, gives trouble very idly from the want of punctuality. He kept my note due the 19th instant, in his pocket-book till Wednesday, when I gave him two ten-pound

bank-notes to accommodate him in his new wool transactions here. I wish you therefore to send James with the twenty-pound draft on my bankers payable to Wicker, or bearer, to receive it for me, and you will be so good to take it of him for me, lay out what you choose for your journey here, and give me the rest in cash. By this method my accounts will continue exact, as becomes Mr. Chamberlain.

I shall be glad to receive the usual Saturday's packet.

I am truly sorry for the unpleasant business which engages Lord and Lady S. and will, I imagine, put a stop to all improvements at Ankerwyke; and the fane of William Tell will never rise on Cooper's Hill, nor the paintings of Lady S. tell the patriotic tale, nor my inscriptions record his fame, and his country's gratitude.

No group could be worse imagined than that at Mr. B.'s country-house: the Graces and Furies were coupled by the Demon of Mischief and Discord, and all for that vile *pelf*, which buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.

I have not yet recovered my journey; but the late hurricane, which cleared the air of inflammatory and noxious vapours, has recovered me from the enervating languor of the last fortnight, with my old friend, *beaume de vie*.

And what is fame? says Pope, and where is *Condorcet*? I have just been reading *Voltaire's* fine panegyric on him under the name of *Ariston*, no part of which he deserved; nor had he, in my poor opinion, the smallest ray of genius or vigour of judgment.

LETTER LX.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, Aug. 8, 1794.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE a particular enjoyment of these fine rains, because I hope the roads will be well watered for you, and the air be rendered quite temperate for travelling. On the Wednesday morning you may depend on a good Captain, and safe vessel, to attend your orders at the Fountain in Portsmouth, and at Ride a good post-chaise, and a cart for your baggage. I insist however that you run no sea risk, for the weather has of late been very stormy, and sacrifice first to safety, and then to health and pleasure.

I did not receive the Saturday's packet till yesterday, nor your letter of Tuesday till this morning.

I wish you to send James with the draft for 52*l.* to Lefevre, Curries, and Co. No. 29, Cornhill, my bankers, and let him take a receipt for it on account, and afterwards let him go to Bazire and Haddan's, No. 17, Great Trinity Lane, near Queenhithe, and give them the receipt for fifty pounds, if they will pay him, and he may receive it in small Bank, and you will be so good as to bring it here with the other banker's receipt. James must take Lee's letter, and Bazire and Haddan may keep it, if they choose.

I have just counted one hundred and fifty ships, chiefly merchantmen, in the bay. I wish you to bring tea, coffee, sweet oil, almonds and raisins, and macaroons. I believe nothing else is wanting. Two of Lord Dudley's party were here on Wednesday.

Your idea of the venison's being sent

to Portsmouth is the best, and you should mention in your note to Birch when it is to be drest.

Trusty has amended, and is again in favour.

Be so good as to bring *Debrett's Account of Lord Howe's Victory of June 1, and the plan*, in 8vo. price one shilling.

Adieu!

LETTER LXI.

Sandham Cottage,
Monday, Aug. 11, 1794.

THIS is a petit bon jour to my dearest Polly, whom I hope it will find safely arrived at Portsmouth without much fatigue.

I shall supplicate Neptune on Wednesday for the most propitious gales to waft you over to this really beautiful island. I entreat you not to brave his fury, and Williams has orders to wait your commands. The expense of the vessel is to be charged in my Ride account.

Suppose, en passant, you send to inquire after the Chief Baron, and Lady Louisa.

Adieu, dearest Polly : bon voyage.

LETTER LXII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 5, 1795.

I SHOULD have epistolized my dearest Polly from Portsmouth, but on the instant of my arrival there I saw Captain Williams, who told me that a *nice* wind had sprung up within an hour, and that it was quite favourable to pass over to the Isle of Wight. I therefore went aboard his vessel almost immediately, and in forty minutes landed at Ride.

I found the roads very bad, especially near London, and did not reach Liphook till six in the evening. The bustle at Portsmouth was astonishing, but I heard of nothing of importance in the present moment.

The weather was fine till Friday evening, when a deluge of rain poured down till nine of Saturday morning, and then the clouds dispersed, and a clear, blue Italian sky, has charmed us ever since.

Sandham Cottage is in high beauty, and the shrubs have reached their acme of perfection. The country itself exhibits every where a ~~gayer scene~~ than I remember in the dog-days. The season is however so unhealthy, that I cannot enough recommend to you every attention to your dear health, an object of the first importance to my happiness.

I am better, and the lurking fever, which has assailed me so often of late, is more merciful since the change of air, but a disagreeable lassitude oppresses.

I wish for the packets on Wednesday, while I remain here, and to be directed to me at my namesake's, Mr. David

William Wilkes's, ironmonger, High Street, Portsmouth.

Bon jour, ma chère petite.

LETTER LXIII.

Sandham Cottage,

Sunday, July 12, 1795.

I THANK my dearest Polly for her two letters, and the little billet, which came safe with the parcel yesterday.

I rejoice that you continue well in these raw, pestiferous dog-days, which make all nature shiver, and shrink from the cold eastern blasts. Not a shower of rain however has descended since my arrival here, and my neighbours hope

before the end of the week to have finished their hay-harvest.

The lurking fever, which at intervals has attacked me for some months, does not quite desert his old quarters, but is less frequent and violent. I will not however complain, for I ought to remember that *my May of life is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf.*

I saw the Mediterranean convoy depart from Spithead in admirable condition. By carelessness the *Impregnable*, of ninety-eight guns, ran aground near Bembridge Point, but was got off in six hours.

Mr. Mainwaring and his family are at Judge Grose's. I dined with them at the Priory on Friday; and the Judge, with the Justice, dine here to-day. He sets out the next week for his long circuit.

I have begun *Helen Maria Williams*, but she has not yet beguiled me of my tears.

The folio volumes of the *History of Leicestershire* may remain in Grosvenor Square till my return.

I am sorry you have so much trouble about the house, but I trust that you will above all be careful not to fatigue yourself too much, which is always very adverse to health.

Strawberries have been in great abundance, and ripened well on the south sunny side of the hill. The new plantations against the pales of the menagerie have succeeded, and the kitchen-gardens will supply a good quantity of peaches and nectarines.

Trusty sends his duty ; and when you are mentioned, shews by the wagging of his tail he has not forgotten your former kindnesses.

Madame Fairy shall have a double share of my *tartine* when I return.

My heart bleeds for the poor of the

metropolis, and indeed the country in general ; but the Isle of Wight seems to suffer less than the neighbouring counties.

James's letter I received, and am pleased with his attention. I wish you to enclose Mr. Wicker's note for the seventeen guineas in the next parcel.

I beg to be remembered to Lord and Lady Shuldhham, and their sons, Mrs. Gordon, and our London circle of good friends.

Bon jour, ma très chère fille : et continuez de m'aimer.

LETTER LXIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, July 16, 1795.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

FROM the uncertainty of the Isle of Wight postage, I had not the favour of your letter of Saturday the 11th till Tuesday, after the first parcel of Wednesday, which did not arrive till last Monday. This week, and the next, being the important riotous fair of Portsmouth and Portsea, every thing is in confusion, and adds to the general hurry of our first sea-port. I have no tidings yet of last Saturday's parcels, nor any letter from Mr. Nichols, or Mr. Montague.

I approve very much the declaration of the Privy Council. The bakers will

now be obliged to make the *standard wheaten bread*, which they have evaded as much as possible, and for as long a time as they could. We shall now have the whole produce of the grain, the bran, or hulf, only excepted.

We can very well spare Marshal Conway. He was not deficient in personal courage, but had little military skill, or vigour of mind, or action. How lucky is Pitt ! two such important things in his gift as the *Regiment of Blues*, and the *Government of Jersey* !

Lady Shuldham's approbation is very flattering to me, but the *speech* will draw much obloquy on the Chamberlain, although he ought to be considered as merely official.

My stay here is an absolute uncertainty both with respect to the public cause, and my own individuality. If the riots increase in the capital, and the peo-

ple seem ungovernable, I ought not to be absent in such a crisis *. As to my little individuality, I am better, but far from a confirmed state of convalescence. I shall not fail to write regularly, and give you all the little news of this humble hermitage. The quartern loaf was ninepence three farthings last week at Newport. Butcher Mackett's bill of last week charges me exactly sixpence per pound for beef, veal, mutton, and lamb, each.

St. Swithin passed yesterday without rain, which I hope is a propitious omen for the autumn.

I have read Helen Maria Williams's account of the monster *Robespierre* with indignation, with fear, and with trembling. The volumes are infinitely curious.

* This declaration, it should be recollected, is made by a veteran in his sixty-eighth year.

I wish Dr. Kippis would give us some anecdotes of her, and return *Dumourier*, unless he wishes to keep it.

Adieu, ma très chère fille.

LETTER LXV.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 19, 1795.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I RECEIVED yesterday a parcel with letters, and the news to last Friday. I did not, I believe, explain myself sufficiently about the sending the parcels. I only wish for them once a week on the Wednesday.

I am impatient for your letter of last night, but the post will not wait for me.

I have sent Deputy Nichols a draft for twenty guineas for the poor of the Ward of Farringdon Without. I find by his letter that was the sum they thought I should give.

Jerrard has drawn on me for the Portland mutton of last year, a bill of 13/. 11s. for which I enclose you a draft that James may give Scott, when he comes.

Our neighbour the Governor is dangerously ill.

Sir William and Mr. Henry Oglander were here yesterday, and expect Mrs. Glynn in about a fortnight.

No news yet of Miss Carter.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVI.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 26, 1793.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

THE little garden here abounds with elegant flowers of almost every kind, but not one equals the *pensée* which you sent me, and the endearing mode of conveying it added not a little to its value.

I received Wednesday's parcels, with all the enclosures, on Friday evening, and your letter I was happy to have regularly by the post.

I rejoice that the capital is so quiet; and I hope that this proof of public virtue, under such trying circumstances, will continue.

Will you be so good as to tell James, that I am much pleased with his care

about the *owls*, and his little journies to Kensington Gore, and that I wish him often to write ?

I hope Charpentier, our frame-maker, will again lift up his head in a creditable way, after so long an eclipse. I believe him an honest man. In the parcel was his bill from Sept. 1790. He states it at 51*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* and that he has received 30*l.* on account. He might have received the balance long ago, if he had applied for it.

I shall most heartily congratulate you on the completion of all your labours in Grosvenor Square, and trust that for many, many years, you will enjoy the fruits of your cares and elegant exertions, in that first of domestic enjoyments, a good London house.

The arrival of the Leeward Island fleet gave us all great satisfaction. Miss Carter, and her two nieces, three men, and

two maid servants, are arrived at Sir Richard Worsley's cottage. I sent to know how they did, and received in return a very polite letter from Miss Carter, with an invitation to dinner, where I was not to expect *soup or petits patés, &c. things entirely abolished from all great tables before she left London.*

Mrs. Glynn is expected at Mr. Henry Oglander's in a few days.

The good little man has been here with Sir William Oglander, and they are both well.

I beg for an additional petit morceau of sugar in Madame Fairy's cream next Tuesday.

I do not wish any parcel but by the Wednesday's diligence, or coach.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 2, 1795,

I AM not a little embarrassed, my dearest Polly, from the uncertainty of the post to this island. Your two last letters I have not received, but I have the pleasure of two short billets, which came in the two last parcels by the diligence.

The pleasing festival to me of your birthday approaches so near, that I am laying a plan to enjoy it here with you, if it quite suits your arrangements. The 16th happens this year on the Sunday; but perhaps you would contrive to be here the Thursday before, on the 13th, or on Friday the 14th. I wish to know which day you choose, that I may order

a good vessel for you to Ride. The Portsmouth road you know so well, all hints about that, and the primitive Mrs. Keen at Liphook, are unnecessary.

I beg the favour of you to bring *Madame Roland's Appel à l'impartial Postérité*. It is a 3s. 6d. brochure sold by *Boffe*.

I have a letter from Mr. Addison, the Rector of Great Brickhill, where Mattocks is our tenant. The letter is well written, and solicits a subscription for the poor of that parish. I have commended his exertions in so good a cause, and sent him three guineas.

I wish you to bring with you a fine haunch of venison, and a neck, from Mr. Birch's, and a pine-apple, for the 16th, almonds and raisins, &c. and the *Magazine and Review* for the last month, &c.

* * * * *

I hope to receive your answer to this in a post or two, and to order every thing here as much to your comfort and convenience as can be in this secluded, solitary hermitage.

I hope Thursday will be a cheerful day at the Mansion-house, and am glad you assist at the female fête.

I have not yet seen Miss Carter.

Adieu !

LETTER LXVIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Wednesday, Aug. 5, 1795.

I HAVE but a moment to thank my dearest daughter for her letter of Monday the 3d instant, and to mention that the two former letters, which were missing, are luckily come to hand.

I shall have great joy in ordering a good vessel for you from Ride to be at Portsmouth early on Thursday the 13th instant, and the Captain shall wait at the Fountain to receive your orders.

I mean to write again ; but in the present uncertainty of winds and waves, I wish you a bon voyage, and so does Miss Carter, and a large party, who came with her yesterday noon.

Adieu!

LETTER LXIX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 9, 1795.

I AM truly happy, my dearest Polly, to observe the favourable change of the weather during the last four days, and I hope the smiles of Heaven on this planet will make your journey and passage on Wednesday and Thursday cheerful and propitious.

The vessel, post-chaise, and a cart for your baggage, are ordered for Thursday, and the noble Captain will be on Thursday morning early at the Fountain in Portsmouth.

If the weather proves at all tempestuous, I entreat you not to risk the passage, and regard not convenience, but safety.

Be so good as to bring with you the three small volumes of the *Chinese Dialogues*.

I received the Wednesday's parcel on Thursday night, and your letter of Aug. 7 this morning, for which accept my best thanks.

Bon voyage par terre et par mer.

Adieu!

LETTER LXX.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 10, 1796.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I WAS so harassed in a war with all the elements quite to Portsmouth, that I had not courage to take up a pen while I continued there. I had

three storms to encounter, and the thunder quite terrified the post-chaise horses, who were running away, but luckily the friendly shelter of the fir-trees near the *Hammer* Ponds about the eight mile stone from Liphook saved us from a part of the fury of the storm, and we got safe to Mrs. Keen's. Saturday was as unpropitious a day ; and quite to Portsmouth we experienced a storm of wind and deluge of rain. On the fair promises of Captain Williams that our passage would be tolerably good, we embarked, and were above two hours struggling hard against an adverse wind, and making fresh tacks every five minutes. I was dreadfully sick the whole time with that most powerful of all emetics the seasickness, but this morning I find myself relieved by that cruel operation, and can just hold the pen to pay my compliments to you, and to rejoice that you have

escaped two such very unpleasant days.
 • Let me hear by the next post how you do, and be assured of the utmost tenderness and regard of an obliged and affectionate parent.

Good morrow.

In a certain print after the *Vat-en* applied to a diminutive animal of a Peer, the P—— might have added from La Fontaine's Fable of *Le Lion et le Moucheron*,

Vat-en, chétif insecte.

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LETTER LXXI.

Sandham Cottage,
Thursday, July 14, 1796.

Y ou, to whose care so much I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so,
will hear, I am sure, with pleasure that I
am almost recovered of the dreadful
emetic I had on Saturday. Perhaps it
may prove salutary in the end; but the
internal revolution almost upset me,
and I was agonizing above two hours
under Captain Williams's *pretty breeze*,
as he called it on our embarking, and
soon after talked of the violence of the
hurricane.

I regret to find by your letter of Monday, that the weather has been so cold and boisterous in the capital, and you are wise in lighting up again Vesta's fires to comfort you under all the fury of *Æolus*.

The country is in great beauty, the scenery of this cottage in particular, and all in perfect order. Yesterday was tolerably fine and warm, but last night we experienced a long and tremendous hurricane.

I have a letter from Dr. Warton, who will pay this cottage a friendly visit on Wednesday, the 20th instant; after which we will take our plan for the rest of the vacation, and I shall probably ask you to take a trip to Tunbridge to secure a good airy house till the middle or end of September. The expense is no object to me. After the 20th I shall arrange all the particulars, and your good taste and prudence will contrive I know for the best.

Many thanks for your attention about the Seltzer water.

I have had no intelligence about the poor Comptroller.

I enclose a letter to Dr. Warton, under Richard's cover, which he will put immediately into the general post.

Trusty is well, and gets some good bits in your name. A fine brood of young turkies, sixteen pigeons, four ducks, besides Muscovites, and six chickens, are the present stock.

* * * * *

Adieu !

LETTER LXXII.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, July 17, 1796.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

WE have the obligation to St. Swithin of the ~~only~~ cheerful day we experienced in this island since our arrival. The evening and night however produced much fierce lightning and very loud thunder. Yesterday and to-day proved showery, but no heavy rains, and I hope the atmosphere will now be settled fair.

The Chamberlain is but just recovered from his tempestuous sea voyage, and only waits the arrival of Dr. Warton to submit to you a future plan for the rest of this month and the next.

I enclose you a letter of George By-

field about getting a poor child into Emanuel Hospital, as there is a vacancy, and I have the presentation. I remember leaving with you Rix's letter for you to give the presentation to my brother, or niece, for any object they wished. If you have not given it, perhaps George Byfield's recommendation might be proper; and in that case be so good as to send to him, and make the offer from yourself, and I will sign the paper on my return to town.

The hay harvest is but now begun, and the weather very lousing. The wheat looks well, and promises a great crop.

Adieu! Heaven preserve my dearest daughter.

LETTER LXXIII.

Sandham Cottage,
Friday, July 22, 1796.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

DR. Warton and I sent many warm wishes after you last Wednesday, but were forced to content ourselves with libations to your health. It was the second fine and warm day since I have been on the coast. The good Doctor was so kind as to bring me a present of an elegant translation in Italian verse of Anacreon by Corsini, and he presses much, but unsuccessfully, a certain English translation of that gay Greek, to be sent to a private press.

Now I submit to you entirely a little plan for the rest of July, all August, and the beginning of September. I wish you, as soon as suits your perfect convenience,

to go on the search to Tunbridge, and engage there a good house on one of the hills till about Michaelmas. The expense I do not regard, nor do I wish to know any particulars till I come to town. I hope to be in Grosvenor Square on Saturday the 30th to dinner, and intend to go in person through all the tiresome business of the Chamberlain's office on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of August, being the first Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in the month, when the office continues open. Is not this exemplary? I will write accordingly to Mr. Parker or Mr. Boudon. My plan does not go to return here any more this season, but I am entirely devoted to you and all your intended plans till the beginning of the winter. If you please yourself in a house, I could join you on the 5th of August, if you think proper to occupy it.

before. I leave all particulars to your prudent management.

Continue to love an affectionate and obliged father.

Adieu !

LETTER LXXIV.

Sandham Cottage,
Tuesday, July 26, 1796.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

LAST night I received the Saturday's parcel, and a little billet-doux of four lines only; but I expect the pleasure of a long letter by the post to-day or to-morrow.

I am preparing for my Friday's tour; but the weather is very cold and boiste-

rous; yet I hope that the hurricane, which has now continued three days, will be quite passed before the important embarkation of the Chamberlain.

I dine and lie, as usual, on Friday at Liphook, and intend to revisit Grosvenor Square on Saturday.

If you have been, or are at Tunbridge, I hope you have been blessed with fair weather, and the kindly warmth of genial autumn.

I will sign the papers for Mr. Barrett on my return. Many compliments to him and all the family.

Adieu!

Not one fair day here, since the smiling St. Swithin.

LETTER LXXV.

I WAS much pleased with James's letter, and his exact account of every thing. He begun very properly with *having the pleasure of telling me that his mistress was in perfect health.*

Sir William Oglander has been here with two of his sons, all civility and kindness to me, and much out of humour with my landlord. *I* may have a lease, when I please, but *he* never.

I have sewed all the *Times* carefully together.

Yesterday only I received your pleasing letter of Tuesday, the 22d.

You desire me to mention about the time of your kind visit here. I have always wished it to be before your birthday, which this year falls on a Saturday.

Suppose you leave town on Monday the 11th, or Tuesday the 12th of August, you may be here time enough before to recover the fatigue of a journey, and voyage, which my age has not yet. I will give all proper directions for a vessel to attend you at Portsmouth, when you have fixed the time of being there. As I know you to be a heroine, and have made so much longer trips on old ocean without me, I wish to stay here to receive you, and I will take the care of a proper post-chaise, &c. for you in this island. I am really so languid, I fear fatigue, and I have not walked a mile on the coast since I arrived here, where you will be received as the sovereign queen of the island.

The unhealthiness of the season gives you hints of shorter days journey, but I need not dictate to you, who are all prudence.

Do not forget Deputy Birch, nor the venison for the 16th of August, nor for Mr. Paice, when he dines next in Grosvenor Square.

My holydays expire Tuesday the 9th of September, the full moon, and I shall have no objection to return that day.

Trusty thanks you, and has profited by your hints.

God bless the King and Queen of Great Britain, France, Ireland, and *Cor-sica*.

LETTER LXXVI.

Sandham Cottage,
Sunday, Aug. 3, 1796.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I SHALL make you amends for the tedious length of my last letter by the shortness of the present.

I am much pleased with yours of last Tuesday, and that you are taking your arrangements to set out on the 12th. Do you intend to lie at Liphook? In that case you should epistolize Mrs. Keen two or three days before. I wish you to write to me in a post or two, what time you intend to brave old ocean, that I may direct some of his skilful sons from Ride to attend you, and guard you from the amphibious sharks which infest these parts. Williams's reputation stands

higher at present than Captain Banks's, and therefore my first application will be to him, and his orders to wait your time, and a post-chaise shall wait your arrival at Ride, with a cart for the baggage.

I have not forgotten a grateful return to Captain Field for his compliments to you from Guernsey. This year he styles himself *Governor* on his cards.

I shall be impatient to see Mrs. Motte's letter from *Sorrento*.

I give you joy of your new milk-white favourite, and hope *Fairy* will prove worthy.

Trusty has been an *emigrant* for some days, but is now brought back, and in confinement.

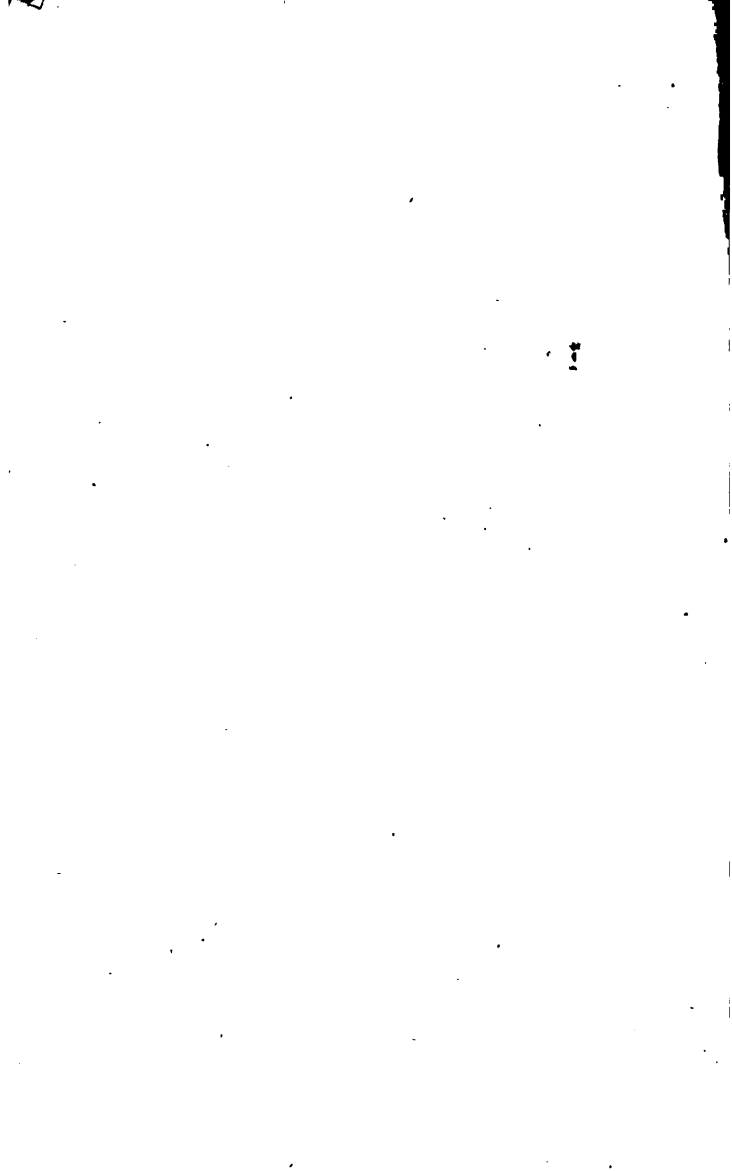
I am better, but a slow fever harasses me, and I may say with St. Evremont, *je veux bien me reconcilier avec mon appetit*. The dog-days however end, I believe, with this week.

The two Miss Oglanders, and three other ladies, have just tired me by a saunter round the premises.

Adieu!

THE END OF THE LETTERS.

AS it never was intended that this Work should contain the whole of Mr. WILKES's productions, his tracts upon local and transitory subjects are not here reprinted. His Introduction to a History of England is however preserved. It is upon a great subject, and is unconnected with more temporary politics. It is to be regretted, that Mr. W. never advanced *beyond* an Introduction.



INTRODUCTION

TO THE

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM

THE REVOLUTION

TO THE

ACCESSION OF THE BRUNSWICK LINE.



TO THE
Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders

OF THE
COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX,

TO TRUTH,

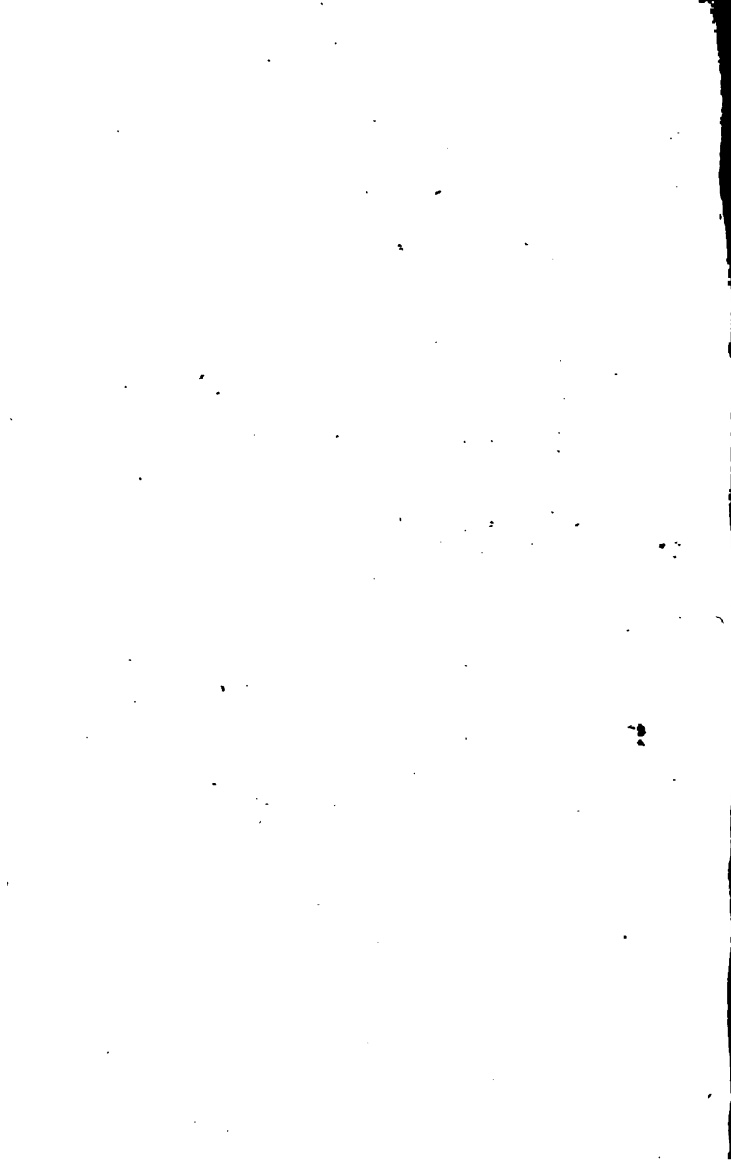
AND

TO LIBERTY,

THIS VOTIVE OFFERING IS MADE

BY

JOHN WILKES.



THE INTRODUCTION.

THE *Revolution* is the great æra of English liberty. From this most auspicious period, freedom has made a regular, uninterrupted abode in our happy island. The rights of the crown and the people were then expressly ascertained, and acknowledged by the three branches of the Legislature. The disputes of prerogative, of privilege, and of liberty, subsided. The public attention was called to different objects, to the variety of changes made in the interior part of government, and to the remarkable events

on the continent ; for, after the new settlement at home, the nation began again to look abroad, and to resume its natural weight among the powers of Europe.

The changes in the form of the administration at home were important and immediate. The supplies for the payment of the army, navy, and the contingent expenses of government, were now given only from year to year, and appropriated to each particular service, whereas before they had been granted, without any distinct appropriation, at the beginning of each reign for the life of the Sovereign. The public expense was separated from the private expense of the Prince. From thence arose a necessity of convening the Parliament annually, and the Sovereign has ever since the *Revolution* been obliged to have recourse to the great council of the nation, not only on all real emergencies, but even

to continue the administration. Princes have been no longer able to govern without Parliaments, and Ministers have experienced that a few months necessarily give an injured people the power to call them to account.

The house of Stuart had enjoyed so great revenues, that with a little economy they would have been sufficient to continue the government without any application to Parliament. Charles I. notwithstanding his great expenses, had been able to reign twelve years together without once suffering the great council of the nation to be assembled. The exactions on the subject by loans, monopolies, and other illegal methods, brought in no very considerable sums to his treasury, though the people were cruelly oppressed by his officers. The customs, and other branches of the revenue, enjoyed by James II. are computed at two.

millions five hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, including the one hundred and fifty thousand pounds granted him while Duke of York. At the *Revolution*, nothing was settled on King William for life. It was not till the year 1698, that seven hundred thousand pounds a year were settled during that term expressly for the support of his Majesty's household. This included fifty thousand pounds a year for King James's Queen, and the establishment of the Duke of Gloucester was likewise to be made from the same grant. Every single article relative to the fleet, the army, and the contingent expenses of administration, was voted by the House of Commons from year to year. The accounts were regularly submitted to their inspection. Particular sums were appropriated for each service. By this method, the money granted for any distinct article could not be diverted to

other uses by the Crown, which had been one of the grievances under Charles II.

At the period of the *Revolution* the spirit of liberty was very high in the nation. It had been rising from the beginning of the reign of James I. During the whole life of Queen Elizabeth, a series of the most interesting events had engaged the attention of the public. Frequent struggles even for the independency of England, numerous, as well as envenomed and bloody disputes, about theological tenets, had arisen, that men were not at leisure to go nicely into the questions of civil government, and the rights of prince and people ; nor did the conduct of the Sovereign give any alarm to the nation of danger of their laws and liberties. *Rapin* observes, *that the English were in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the happiest people under the sun.* He adds the reason ; it is not from the

glory the English name then had through the world, it is from a more solid and important cause, because *they saw no designs upon their liberties, nor any infringement of their privileges encouraged*: such just ideas of the true political happiness of a great nation had that sensible Frenchman acquired in this country. He says in another place, *What she [Queen Elizabeth] ought to be esteemed for above all things, is, that she caused the English to enjoy a felicity unknown to their ancestors, under most of the Kings her predecessors. This, doubtless, is the test, by which we are to judge of those whom God has set over us.* Tindal's translation.

The peaceful reign of the first Stuart, his example, and repeated harangues both in public and private, set the nation on inquiries into the nature, rise, and extent of all government. These subjects had then the graces of novelty in our country. Time ripened at length

such excellent fruit, which from the first promised fair in this happy soil. The most valuable books we have on the subject of government are posterior by near half a century to the beginning of James the First's reign. Locke and Sidney are still later.

The sentiments of the court and the nation on these great questions were diametrically opposite. The body of the clergy espoused the most extravagant prerogative doctrines of the King. The court creed was, that the liberties of the people, and the privileges of Parliament, were only grants and concessions from former princes; that the King was the sole fountain of power; that he was superior to law; that he was not bound by his coronation oath, except only to God; that resistance was at all times and in all cases absolutely unlawful; and that under the extreme of tyranny, the

only resource left to the subject, was prayers and tears. The pulpits resounded with this doctrine. It dropt, like manna, from the venal tongues of the court-chaplains; but, instead of wholesome food, became the rankest and most baneful poison to their deluded master. All the sermons and treatises published by royal license, inculcated the same principles. Little opposition was made at the beginning from the press, which then was under great restraints. The nation however in general began to entertain more liberal ideas of government. The tedious, scholastic speeches of the pedant King, James I. made no impression, neither on the Parliament, nor on the people. The Commons declared, in the most express terms, that the liberties of the nation, and the privileges of Parliament, were the undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of Eng-

land." James I. who crossed the Tweed with all the Scottish ideas of vassalage, and was still to learn the generous principles of our *Magna Charta*, with his own hand tore this protestation out of their *Journals*. The violence and indecency of such a proceeding, only served to irritate the nation as well as their representatives. He continued all the rest of his life on terms of ill humour with his Parliament and people.

He was likewise served by the lawyers in the most extravagant claims of prerogative. They gave their opinions almost unanimously, that the King was superior to the law, and that all resistance was criminal. The body of the nation, however, condemned the prostitute, time-serving maxims, both of the clergy and the lawyers of that age. They considered England as a limited monarchy. They thought the sovereign was bound

by those limitations, and might be lawfully resisted, when he exceeded them ; for that there must be a right of securing and maintaining what is justly ours. It began then to be generally remarked among us, that the first idea not only of political institutions, but even of society, was the happiness of the various individuals collected together, and that no farther power could be meant to be given to the head, but what was for the good of the whole body politic.

These were very generally the sentiments of the nation at the end of the reign of James I. His son and successor endeavoured to reduce into practice those speculative maxims of regal prerogative in its utmost extent, which his father had been so many years preaching from the throne. He wanted neither genius nor courage, but he had imbibed from his infancy maxims totally repugnant to

the nature and the rights of the people he was to govern. To a fatal perseverance in them he fell a sacrifice. Very early in his reign he ventured on the two most odious acts of oppression, against which we were thought to be the best guarded by the *Great Charter*, I mean the arbitrary imprisonment of the subject, and the levying money on various pretences without act of Parliament. The lawyers served him in both. So little sense of justice, or regard to law, remained among them, that at length, after a solemn hearing of the cause, the Judges declared ship-money legal. Soon after arose that patriot senate, men of the most consummate virtue, the most just and enlarged ideas, who recovered our laws and liberties almost from annihilation, declared all the judgments in the case of ship-money void, abolished the courts of High Commission and Star

Chamber, destroyed monopolies, and passed the bill for triennial Parliaments. The constitution might then have been settled upon a solid basis, but the violence and indiscretion of the King's partisans ruined this fair prospect. Lord Clarendon, who writes professedly from the memoirs he received from Charles I. says, "an opinion that the violence and force used in procuring these acts, rendered them absolutely void, influenced the King to confirm them." This opinion was most indiscreetly propagated by many of the royal party. The Parliament availed themselves very ably of so palpable misconduct, and the King's enemies openly declared, that no reliance could be had on a Prince, who imagined that a solemn assent given in full Parliament was void; that pretences of that, or of a similar nature, could never be wanting, and that it was not easy to con-

ceive what engagement could be valid, if that was not, the most deliberate, the most authentic act of royalty, which is known to our constitution. This reasoning made a deep impression on many even of the most moderate; and the indiscretion of the courtiers in making public these sentiments of the King, operated fatally in laying the foundation of constant suspicions of his good faith and sincerity in every transaction. But the immediate cause of the civil war was the violence of the most ill-judged measure he ever adopted, the coming in person to the House of Commons to seize five of their members. From that moment every thing wore a military appearance. The city took the alarm. The Parliament would no longer remain at Westminster, but, to mark their confidence in the citizens, who from the beginning had been strenuous in the

cause of liberty, they adjourned to the Guild-hall of London. The five members attended there, protected by a numerous body of their armed friends, and the citizens.

The fire had been long laid, and there only wanted such a spark to force a blaze. From that time men were more employed in defending their rights by the sword, than in justifying them by the pen. The writings published at that period have generally reference to the party disputes of the King and Parliament, and seldom go upon great principles. The state papers we have of the King are in style and composition infinitely superior to those of the Parliament. Charles I. was himself an elegant writer of prose, though the most wretched of all poets, even of the royal line, an accomplished private gentleman, possessing a fine taste in the polite arts, and

all the virtues of a good Christian, but no one quality of a great prince. Scarcely any writing of importance appeared on great and general principles, till Cromwell's power swallowed up every thing, and gave a temporary calm to the nation. Milton then published his *Defence of the People of England*, and other valuable tracts. It was not however till the period between the *Restoration* and the *Revolution* that men began to scrutinize accurately into the rights of the church and monarchy, to examine the foundation of civil government, and to sound the depths of political society.

This spirit of inquiry, the remembrance of the regular tyranny of the whole Stuart line, and the immediate violence of James II. gave us the *Revolution*. The court in the reign of Charles II. had wound up the prerogative to the highest pitch. The nation was

so tired of the civil war, that for a long time they were disposed to submit quietly to the manifest encroachments of the crown. The act for the attainder of the regicides declared, " that by the undoubted and fundamental laws of this kingdom, neither the Peers, nor the Commons, nor both together, in Parliament, or out of Parliament, nor the people collectively or representatively, nor any other persons whatsoever, ever had, hath, or ought to have any coercive power over the persons of the Kings of this realm." Former Parliaments had however in a solemn manner deposed Edward II. and Richard II. The court-chaplains, and the clergy in general, began again their former prostitute strains of an unreserved and unlimited obedience. They were now openly joined by the two Universities, who echoed the same doctrines, and concurred in

assuring the King, that our Princes do not derive their title from the people, but from God, that to him only they were accountable, that it belonged not to subjects to create or censure, but to honour and obey their Sovereign, and that he became King by a fundamental hereditary right of succession, which no religion, no law, no fault or forfeiture, could alter or diminish. The University of Oxford in their famous DECREE, which was solemnly presented to King Charles II. and ordered to be hung up in every college, condemned as damnable, impious, and heretical, all the great principles of government, that power is originally from the people, that resistance to unlawful acts of government is warranted by the constitution, &c. In their RECOGNITION of James II. they said that *they were indispensably bound to bear all faith and true obedience to his Majesty,*

WITHOUT ANY RESTRICTIONS OR LIMITATIONS, and *that no consideration whatever should be able to shake their stedfast loyalty and allegiance.* The Act of Convocation is dated Feb. 21, 1685, and is exceedingly curious. The gentlemen of the University of Oxford *from the bottom of their hearts adore and magnify the providence of our good God, by whom kings reign, who, out of his unspeakable mercy to this church and state, has preserved your sacred Majesty [James II.] in the government of these kingdoms.*

The nation at large had now the justest notions of civil freedom, and regarded with horror a set of men, who would have given away their own liberties, and the birthright of their posterity. Oppression at last brought about what truth and reason had in vain endeavoured. The clergy and the universities adopted the sentiments of the

nation; and all parties, all bodies of men, concurred in the *Revolution*. The first duty of an historian, a sacred regard to truth, obliges me to take notice, how late both those bodies of men were before they took the alarm, and how much the rest of the nation went beyond them in zeal and consistency, as well as in priority of time. The clergy shewed the most perfect acquiescence under the attacks made by James II. on civil liberty. The universities looked on with a cold indifference till the privileges of a college were invaded. When the rights of the church of England were attacked, then the outcry first began from the clergy. The universities were awakened only by an attack on themselves. This conduct made the rest of mankind look upon these two bodies of men as acting at that time only from motives of private interest; and the constant opposition

which the same men gave afterwards to King William seemed to justify that opinion.

The reign of Charles II. was very turbulent, from the arbitrary system of the court for ever clashing with the free spirit of the people. His brother and successor was more quiet till the landing of the Prince of Orange. The rebellions of Argyle and Monmouth were soon quelled. The greater storm was then preparing. The conduct of the King gave his enemies all the advantages they could wish over him. He began his reign by a wanton act of despotism, by a direct violation of the *Great Charter*, and the most acknowledged fundamental laws of the kingdom. Even before the Parliament met, he ordered the *Customs* to be levied by proclamation, though they had been granted to Charles II. only during his life. By this step he

openly violated the constitution, and usurped one of the most important privileges the people enjoyed, that of giving their own money. Such a step was equally violent and unnecessary, for there could be no doubt that the two Houses would make the grant as soon as they met. The rest of his reign was in all points answerable to that beginning. He assumed and exercised a dispensing power, by which all the laws were submitted to the pleasure of the crown, and the first principles of the English government destroyed, which lodge the legislative power in king, lords, and commons. There could not be a more direct or stronger usurpation on the two other branches of our government. In fact they became useless, and their authority was annihilated. The rights of the church of England, and the privileges of the universities, were soon the prey

of despotism. The laws were openly violated, and the whole executive power was trusted to persons absolutely incapable by act of Parliament of being employed in any office civil or military. Although James II. while Duke of York, had been obliged to give up the office of High Admiral by the Test-act in his brother's reign, even before he publicly acknowledged himself a Roman Catholic, yet none but those of his own religion were now intrusted with the more important offices, without taking any of the oaths, or submitting to the qualifications, required by law. A Jesuit was President of the Privy Council, most of the Lord Lieutenants were Catholics, and the army, as well as the fleet, swarmed with officers who had not taken the tests prescribed by an express act of Parliament.

This was the state of England on the

landing of the Prince of Orange. The nation was plainly left without resource, but in the shock of a military contest ; for in the mock trial of Sir Edward Hales, a Roman Catholic, the guardians of our laws, the Judges, had determined “ that it was an inseparable prerogative of the crown to dispense with all penal laws.” Luckily for our country the body of the people appeared on this occasion unanimous. The King could scarcely be said to have a party, who dared to avow him after his second retreat. He was in the most forlorn and desolate condition, without a gleam of hope for futurity, forsaken even by his own children, with no resource but the meanest and most wretched of all, the few, narrow ideas of a mind naturally weak, timid, and superstitious. The Tories, who through his brother’s and his own reign had preached the doctrines

of passive obedience and non-resistance, carried them into practice with respect to him as little as even the Whigs. Both parties concurred heartily in excluding a Prince, who had overturned the legal government. They agreed on this occasion that they were warranted to guard the constitution, as well as to watch over its preservation by farther securities against the abuse of too great power in the first branch of the legislature.

The immediate effects of the *Revolution* under the Prince of Orange as to the national conduct with respect to our foreign politics, and the numerous bodies of the sectaries at home, ought to be remarked.

I shall not here take notice of some important points with respect to public liberty, which were passed over in silence by the great patriots who brought about the *Revolution*. Whatever is done in

the spur of a present necessity, is seldom mature, perfect, or finished in all its parts. But these considerations will follow more naturally after we have seen all that was actually gained for the public in the reign of William III. and the domestic as well as foreign difficulties his temper, prudence, and courage at last surmounted. I shall only now add, that our ancestors are more entitled to our gratitude for the blessings we enjoy in consequence of their noble efforts at the *Revolution*, than to our reproaches for the few things they have left us to do, although experience has taught us that without them the *Revolution* itself is imperfect. Our present political liberty owes its very existence indeed to the *Revolution*; but we may justly regard its continuance as too precarious, its security as ill established.

The Stuarts had always shewn a

strong partiality to France. One of them was the pensioner of Lewis the XIVth, and had several times employed the force and treasure of England to serve the ambitious views of that monarch. The form of government and religion of the French were the objects of the affection and choice of James II. This was so glaring, that it was the chief reason which induced the late King of France to revoke the edict of Nantes at that particular period. The aversion both the brothers shewed to the Protestant republic of Holland kept pace with their fondness for the French government, religion, and monarchy. Charles II. had been at open war with the States, and there was never any cordiality between them and his successor. The state of foreign politics was totally changed, when the Stadtholder of Holland was become King of England. He had been

bred in a personal hatred of Lewis the XIVth. Besides his resentment of the wrongs his country had suffered, and all the wanton cruelties of Luxemburgh's forces at Bodegrave and Swammerdam, which were fresh in men's minds, he was soured by the seizing his patrimonial principality of Orange. He seemed to have adopted as the favourite passion and the darling pursuit of his life, the humbling the French King, and the setting bounds to that uncontrolled ambition which had usurped on every feeble neighbouring state, threatened the total destruction of his native provinces, and drenched Europe with blood. The hatred which the Prince of Orange bore to Lewis the XIVth made him embrace with warmth every possible expedient to detach from France her old allies, and to create her new enemies. With this view he held out to the Duke of Han-

over the bright object of the crown of England, in order to detach him from the alliance of France. A plan so well laid could not fail of success. The Duke, and the Elector of Bavaria, had been on every occasion the most firm and zealous friends of that crown among the numerous princes of the Germanic body. This happy conversion of the House of Hanover to the common cause of liberty in Europe against the ambition and tyranny of France, we owe entirely to our great deliverer, who knew mankind perfectly well.

I shall give some remarkable quotations on this subject from two of our own authors, men of the most opposite character, party, and principles: I mean Burnet and Bolingbroke. The first says at the end of the reign of James II. "The Duke of Hanover was at that time in some engagements with the court of

France. But, since he had married the Princess Sophia of the Palatine house, I ventured to send a message to her by one of their court, who was then at the Hague. He was a French refugee, named Mr. Baucour. It was to acquaint her with our design with relation to England, and to let her know, that, if we succeeded, certainly a perpetual exclusion of all Papists from the succession to the Crown would be enacted: and, since she was the next Protestant heir after the two Princesses, and the Prince of Orange, of whom at that time there was no issue alive, I was very confident that if the Duke of Hanover could be disengaged from the interests of France, so that he came into our interests, the succession to the Crown would be lodged in her person, and in her posterity; though on the other hand, if he continued, as he stood then, engaged with

France, I could not answer for this. The gentleman carried the message, and delivered it. The Dutchess entertained it with much warmth, and brought him to the Duke to repeat it to him. But at that time this made no great impression on him. He looked on it as a remote and a doubtful project. Yet when he saw our success in England, he had other thoughts of it. Some days after this Frenchman was gone, I told the Prince what I had done. He approved of it heartily; but was particularly glad that I had done it, as of myself, without communicating it to him, or any way engaging him in it: for he said, if it should happen to be known that the proposition was made by him, it might do us hurt in England, as if he had already reckoned himself so far master as to be forming projects concerning the succession to the crown." Original folio

edition of 1724, vol. i. p. 757. "The King (William III. in 1689) ordered me to propose the naming the Dutchess of Hanover, and her posterity, next in the succession. He signified his pleasure in this also to the ministers. But he ordered me to begin the motion in the House, because I had already set it on foot. And the Duke of Hanover had now other thoughts of the matter, and was separating himself from the interests of France." Original folio edition of vol. ii. in 1734, p. 15.

Bolingbroke says, "The Emperor and the King of Spain had engaged in the quarrel against France (in 1674), and many of the Princes of the Empire had done the same. Not all. The Bavarian continued obstinate in his neutrality, and, to mention no more, the Swedes made a great diversion in favour of France in the Empire; where the Duke

of Hanover abetted their designs as much as he could, for he was a zealous partisan of France, though the other princes of his house acted for the common cause." Letters on the Study and Use of History, 8vo. edition of London, 1752, vol. i. p. 288.

The nation in general was disposed to second the views of William III. and the greater part of the powers on the continent were eager to join against a Prince whom they beheld with jealousy and fear. *Boileau*, in his public *Remerciment à Messieurs de l'Academie Française*, calls the Prince of Orange *cet opiniatre ennemi de sa gloire (de Louis XIV.)*, *cet industriel artisan de ligues et de querelles, qui travailloit depuis si long tems à remuer contre lui toute l'Europe*. This was in 1684, and *Boileau* was always known to speak the court language of Lewis the XIVth.

The English now regarded with a favourable eye the republic of Holland. Their late deliverance from popery and slavery was attributed in a good degree to the Dutch troops which the States had lent the Prince of Orange. The sense of so important a service was universally acknowledged; both parliament and people shewed their gratitude to these foreign officers and soldiers, who spread through the nation a terror and hatred of the French arms and councils. From this period of the *Revolution* England has continued regularly and steadily to oppose the ambitious views of France, except during two short, critical, and convulsive intervals. The first was at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. The other lasted some years after the accession of George I. It began immediately on the death of Lewis the XIVth, and continued the whole regency of the

Duke of Orleans. The national interest was not however so much consulted at either of these periods, as the views of a few particulars. During the first period the interests of a set of Tory ministers, whose private schemes of power coincided with the views of France, were alone regarded. At the other period the family connexions of the houses of Brunswick and Orleans directed the councils of both kingdoms, and made them act in concert for several years. George I. courted the assistance of France against the Pretender. The Duke of Orleans, presumptive heir of the crown of France, stood in need of the friendship of England against the claims of the King of Spain, who was ready to declare the renunciations totally void. This coalition of private interests in these powerful families made the two nations at that period act together in the general system of Europe.

A remarkable change in the national conduct immediately after the *Revolution*, with respect to the numerous bodies of the Sectaries, ought likewise to be noticed. They had been cruelly oppressed, and openly persecuted, under the Stuart line. A short respite only had taken place during the reign of James II. when, in reality to favour the Roman Catholics, he avowed a toleration for all dissenters from the Church of England. At length he published a proclamation for liberty of conscience, set up a dispensing power, and permitted every man to hold places in the state without any qualification of tests or oaths. This happened the year before the *Revolution*. The Dissenters of almost every denomination were duped by this artifice of the court. They looked no farther than to a present relief from the persecution they had suffered, and seemed too little

to consider how it was obtained. They approved the King's illegal measures, and, as if a favour had been intended to them, even thanked him for so direct a breach in the constitution. Soon after the *Revolution*, the claims of the Sectaries were settled on a legal and solid foundation. The English in a good degree adopted the Dutch system of government as to a general toleration of religious parties. Liberty of conscience began to be considered not merely as a sound measure of the internal administration of a country, but as a great commercial principle. It had been remarked in two instances, too considerable to be overlooked, too recent to be forgot. The one was, the amazing rise of Amsterdam, and other great towns of the United Provinces. These, under every natural disadvantage, had become commercial, populous, and wealthy,

merely from the asylum given to the subjects of the King of Spain, in the last cruel persecution carried on throughout the Low Countries. The other proof was drawn from what happened a few years before, the almost instantaneous effect of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. An incredible number of the industrious inhabitants of France had in three years established many new manufactures at London, at Amsterdam, at Berlin, and other Protestant cities. It is very possible that King William did not so much regard liberty of conscience as the right of every thinking being, but as a measure to promote trade and commerce, to increase population, and to make his new dominions a safe sanctuary against the persecuting spirit of bigotry, by which Louis the XIVth was actuated. The prejudices he had imbibed against the Roman Catholics, and

his conduct towards that sect, seem to prove that his principles of toleration, and freedom of thought, did not proceed from a mind deeply tinctured with sound philosophy, or zealous for the primary rights of mankind. He endeavoured to abolish the penal laws with respect to Protestant Dissenters of every denomination, and to take away the necessity of receiving the Sacrament, for the enjoyment of any office or place of trust. The idea was to exclude only the Roman Catholics, and to admit all the other sectaries to be capacitated equally with the members of the church of England. It must be allowed, that the Roman Catholics are in some important particulars to be considered in a different light from all other dissenters, not only because their religion is intolerant, bloody, and idolatrous, but from their claims with respect to the controlling in many points the

civil power of the magistrate, and the *imperium in imperio*, which their priests have in other countries established.

The King did not succeed in the scheme of abolishing the sacramental test in favour of Protestant Dissenters, the Tory and the High-church party opposing with much heat the proposals for a general comprehension of all the Protestants. The penal laws against them were indeed repealed, and the Act of Toleration gave them an entire security, on the express condition however of their taking the oaths to the government, and subscribing the Declaration of 30th Charles II. Their preachers were to subscribe the articles of the church of England, except the 34th, 35th, and 36th, with a few words in the 20th. The Roman Catholics, and all persons denying the Trinity, were left to the

rigour of the old penal laws, by a special clause in the Act. It is certain the Act of Toleration was a considerable point gained at that time in favour of religious liberty, for it put an effectual stop to the rage and madness of persecution among the Protestants. The forbearance and lenity of the administration left the Roman Catholics little cause of complaint. On the basis of this Act rest at this hour the most precious rights and privileges of all Protestant Dissenters from the established church. It has proved a firm bulwark against the fury of bigots and enthusiasts, though a philosophical mind must object to the unjust shackles which tyranny has forged of all subscriptions, creeds, tests, and oaths. I except that single oath, or affirmation, which no well-meaning citizen can scruple, of a legal obedience to the civil governor,

which for its very existence as well as security every state seems warranted to require from the subject.

I thought these general observations would be useful before we enter on the great and important facts which occur in the reign of William III. and changed the face of Europe as well as of England. The wealth and power of the whole British empire was, from the period of the *Revolution*, directed against France. The nation then began to figure once more among the first monarchies, after an eclipse of near two centuries under the ignominious race of the Stuarts, excepting a short burst of glory during the Protectorate. From the death of Queen Elizabeth, England had been little considered by any of the powers of the continent, although the settled tranquillity, and union of the whole island under the same Sovereign, had increased

her strength, and created what is most necessary to every state, an internal security. The constant factions, and the struggles of the people in support of their liberties against four successive prerogative princes intoxicated with the doctrines of dreaming schoolmen, kept the English fully employed at home. At this important æra of the *Revolution*, fearing no longer for their own freedom, they began to consider the ancient glory, the dignity, the power and extent of their empire, as well as the high spirit of the people, with the solid advantages they enjoy beyond any nation which has ever appeared on the earth, being at once as commercial as the Carthaginians, as warlike as the Romans. The English had, like the Romans, a new war to sustain against the tyrant, whom they had expelled ; but it was neither very formidable, nor of long continuance. James II.

sunk into universal contempt, while the new King of England became the vital principle of all the confederacies among the princes of Europe against the usurping ambition of Lewis the XIVth, and under his happy auspices liberty was established at home, and so firmly rooted in the hearts of the people as never to perish, but with the final dissolution of the British empire.

I have purposely avoided entering into a minute discussion of the principles on which the *Revolution* is founded. A free and manly people are superior to the justification of their conduct by the formal rules laid down indiscriminately for all cases by some men of study, and denied by others. There is however a passage of *Grotius*, in the celebrated work *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, so very apposite to the *Revolution*, so full an approbation of the conduct of our fathers, that I think

it ought to find its place here. I shall only farther remark, that it is taken from the first, the most original, profound, and accurate, of all the productions of modern times on the power of the Sovereign and the subject, which was published sixty-three years before the glorious æra of our *Revolution*, dedicated in the plenitude of Richelieu's power to Louis the XIIIth, and appeared with the French King's privilege. The passage is taken from the chapter *De Bello subditorum in superiores, sect. 13. p. 113.* I quote the 4to. edition published by *Grotius* himself at Paris in 1625. “ Si rex partem habeat summi imperii, partem alteram populus, aut senatus, regi in partem non suam involanti, vis justa opponi poterit, quia eatenus imperium non habet. Quod locum habere censeo, etiamsi dictum sit, belli potestatem penes regem fore, id enim

de bello externo intelligendum est : cum alioqui quisquis imperii summi partem habeat, non possit non jus habere, eam partem tuendi, quod ubi fit, potest rex etiam suam imperii partem belli jure amittere." " If the King has a part of the supreme power, and the people or the senate have the other part, should the King invade the part not his own, he may be lawfully resisted. I think this is well founded, although I have declared, that the right of making war is in the King ; for that must be understood of foreign wars : since whoever has a share of the supreme power, must necessarily have a right of defending his share. When such a case happens, the King may also by the right of war lose his share of the supreme power."

James II. was plainly the aggressor. By his violent conduct he left the people no possibility of a legal redress ac-

according to the forms prescribed by the law and the constitution. The Parliament could not even meet without his previous writ of summons. In such a case, and in every other where the laws are silent, recourse must be had to the great maxim of all governments, the preservation of legal establishment. The question plainly was, "Is the King of England an absolute despotic monarch, whose will is law, whose prerogative is to dispense with the penal acts of the whole legislature, and with all statutes and charters, and are the people his slaves?" or, "Is the King of England a limited Sovereign, bound by the laws, and by a solemn oath to the nation to govern according to law? and are the people free, and entitled to various liberties and privileges as their birthright?" This was in reality the great controversy. The King was almost single in the first

opinion. The nation seemed unanimous in the second. Unfortunately for James II. the Scots joined the English on this important occasion, and their conduct was still more manly, noble, and spirited. To please the Tories and the High-church party we lost ourselves in doubtful terms and silly questions of chicane; we were perplexed among ourselves to prove that the King had *abdicated* and *deserted*. The Scots spoke the language of a free people. They declared, that he had *forfeited* the crown. Both nations resolved to assert their freedom, and of consequence to exclude for ever a Prince, who it was plain would be perpetually a principle in the State to sap and undermine the public liberty.

Foreign nations have very generally seen the *Revolution* in a false and partial light. They have considered it as the sole consequence of the religious bigotry

of James II. and entirely overlooked all his overt acts, to destroy the civil liberties of his people. The Archbishop of Rheims said, "Voilà un bon homme, qui a quitté trois royaumes pour une messe." "There goes a good creature, who has given three kingdoms for a mass." This was not exactly the case. He might have gone quietly to mass, and remained the Sovereign of three kingdoms, if he had not attacked the established rights of his subjects; if he had not overturned the fundamental laws of the kingdom; and being trusted with only a limited power, endeavoured to make himself a despotic Monarch. The English would rather have suffered him to turn Turk than tyrant. They might have been prevailed upon to let him go very quietly to the mosque or to mass, and in either case would only have pitied his folly, if he had not violated

the rights of his people. Let us examine the conduct of a neighbouring nation in circumstances nearly parallel as to the religion of the prince and people. After the death of Henry III. there could be no doubt that lineal succession gave the crown of France to the King of Navarre, whose memory is now as sacred to every good subject of France, as that of *Alfred* is among us. He was of a different religion from the body of his people. The greater part of the nation refused to acknowledge him. By force of arms he was for several years kept out of his capital, nor was he received into Paris till after his solemn abjuration at St. Denis. Although Henry IV. had violated no law in favour of his own sect, had usurped no rights of the Catholics, used no violence or compulsion to any man, yet a conformity to the national religion was made the

essential point of his subjects' obedience. If therefore as to this single article of religion, any argument is to be drawn from the practice of a most civilized people, the English are abundantly justified. I might add that the case is infinitely stronger in their favour from the peculiar circumstances of the bigotry, the usurpations, the violence, and the spirit of persecution in James II. These rendered his exclusion from the throne not only a measure founded in right, but dictated by the necessity of the case, and the primary law of nature, self-preservation. It is remarkable that among the state papers relative to the peace of Ryswick, there is an answer to a Memorial of James II. which has the following noble passage: "The degradation of King James was founded upon his subversion of the fundamental laws of the state, the avenging of which the

English nation declared belonged to itself; that such is the constitution of its monarchy; and that every state has its laws, for which it is not answerable to any other state."

Liberty was the direct, avowed principle of the English at the *Revolution*, as much as of the Romans at the expulsion of the whole family of the Tarquins. Tacitus says, "Libertatem et consulatum Brutus instituit." "Brutus established liberty and the consulship." The preservation of the laws and liberties of Great Britain was the letter as well as the spirit of every declaration made by the Prince of Orange. The families of Brutus and Nassau will be gratefully remembered by all posterity as the avengers of tyranny, and the protectors of the freedom of their nation, and of mankind. The first Brutus drove out the Tarquins, and died gloriously in the

field, fighting against the enemies of his country. The last Brutus delivered Rome from the tyranny of Cæsar, and gave liberty to his fellow-citizens, but he could not give that public virtue, by which alone it can be preserved and secured. The first Nassau delivered his country from the intolerable yoke of Spain and the Inquisition, when Philip II. endeavoured to enslave the Netherlands. He founded the free republic of the United Provinces, and fell a victim in the cause of liberty. The last Nassau preserved the independency of his own country, generously risked every thing in defence of the liberties of England, settled a just and equal plan of freedom, and made three kingdoms happy under a mild and temperate government.

From the *Revolution* the Sovereign and the subject have continued firm to a free and well-tempered monarchy,

built on the basis of public liberty. England has been an empire of mild and equal laws. Montesquieu observes, “ il y a une nation dans le monde, qui a pour objet direct de sa constitution la liberté politique.” “ There is a nation in the world, which has for the direct end of its constitution political liberty.” *Esprit des Loix*, book xith, chapter 5th. This is now woven into every part of our constitution; and though we were at any particular crisis betrayed or sold to our princes; though in the infinite lapse of ages a venal parliament or a profligate soldiery might arise, who would bargain for our liberties, the people will not fail to resume their rights, and themselves exercise on a great emergency the power they only lend to their magistrates and governors. The conduct of the Romans was remarkable, and ought to be a warning to us. They ex-

pelled the Tarquins almost as unanimously as we did the Stuarts. They boasted of being the only free nation, yet at last became the slaves of one family from generation to generation ; and if now and then a faint ray of freedom beamed forth, they soon sunk again into darkness. They had made the most monstrous grants to the Sovereign, *sibi omnia licere et in omnes*, that to him all was lawful, and against all ; yet when Nero grew a monster of tyranny, they ordered him to be punished *more majorum*, although it is difficult to conceive how, after such a formal surrender of every thing, he could be guilty of any act of injustice or tyranny. Nature remonstrated at first against so shameful a grant, and afterwards commanded the resumption.

The English at the *Revolution* not only recovered their liberties, but laid

down a plan of perpetuating them to their latest posterity, and expressly circumscribed the power of their princes. They declared on what terms they gave their crown, and under what express limitations it should be worn by all succeeding Sovereigns. By this legal tenure it must continue to be held. The English have regularly since the æra of the flight of their last tyrant, manifested in the cause of freedom a constancy, a courage, a firmness more than Roman. Such be their virtues to the latest ages, and may they continue a great and happy people, the patrons of universal liberty, the scourge of tyrants, the refuge of the oppressed, and long hold out to the world what is truly the boast of rational beings, a mild and free government, just, powerful, independent, commercial, tolerant, generous, and brave ! These are the true glories of this land of liberty

